

Week ending January 14 1956

Every Wednesday Fourpence

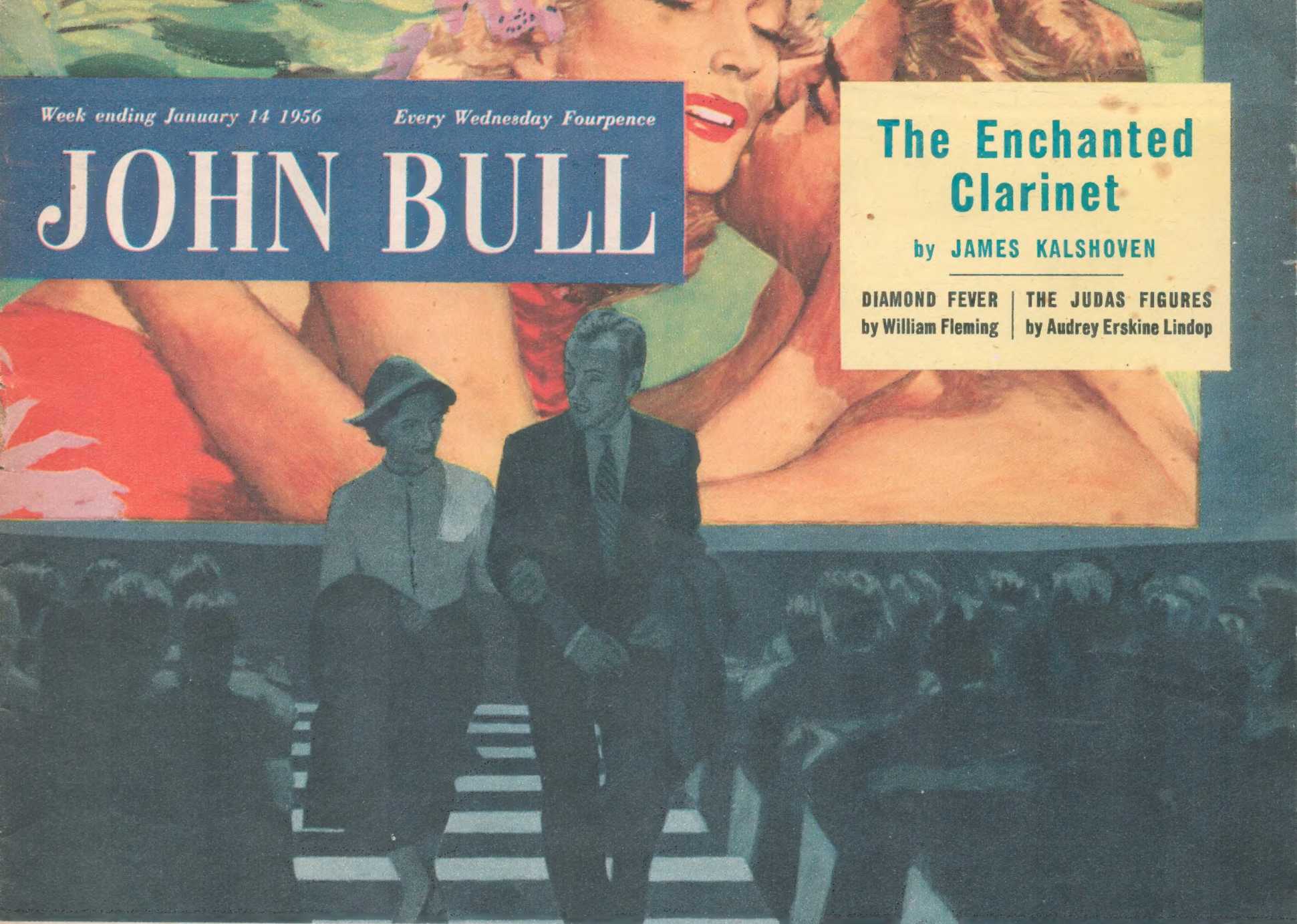
JOHN BULL

The Enchanted Clarinet

by JAMES KALSHOVEN

DIAMOND FEVER
by William Fleming

THE JUDAS FIGURES
by Audrey Erskine Lindop



How you feel today depends on how you slept last night!



HOW DID YOU SLEEP LAST NIGHT? To be at your best you need 8 hours sound sleep every night. It's no good trying to 'catch-up' by having a long lie-in at the weekend. A good night's sleep every night is the only way to recharge your system with the fresh energy needed to enjoy tomorrow. And how wonderful the world looks after a good night's rest: nagging worries disappear and your day's work is an invitation to adventure. If you experience difficulty in getting off to sleep—worrying or will-power won't help you—you need to relax. *And the best way to relax is by drinking a comforting cup of Milo last thing at night.*

HOW MILO HELPS YOU. Milo is the famous food drink made by Nestlé's. It's good—very good for relaxing people whose 'nerves' won't let them rest. Drink a cup of delicious chocolate flavoured Milo tonight. The first thing you'll notice is a definite sense of increased well-being. That's Milo's concentrated goodness digesting easily into soothing nourishment. Now—relax. Let

yourself succumb to delightful drowsiness as Milo's comforting warmth gently nudges you into sleep.

WHY MILO HELPS YOU. Milo is the most modern food drink made today. You'll love its wholesome flavour. It tastes better. It has more in it. Milo is the pure concentrated goodness of full cream milk blended with malt extract and added calcium, magnesium and sodium phosphates, magnesium glycerophosphate, yeast, Vitamin D and Vitamin B₁. This is why Milo packs so much more soothing nourishment per ounce.

START TONIGHT. Let's say it once more. How you feel tomorrow depends on how well you sleep tonight. But you can start doing yourself some good today. You can buy exactly the same brand of Milo (made by Nestlé's) as used in hospitals and nursing homes at your nearest chemist or grocer. We strongly recommend Milo as a delicious drink at all times. Everyone enjoys it for 'elevenses'. Children love it for breakfast. But above all . . . Milo helps you sleep better. Buy some today.

Each ounce of MILO contains a minimum of 0.45 milligrams of Vitamin B₁, and 320 I.U.s of Vitamin D, together with 125 milligrams each of Calcium and Phosphorus.



MILO

means GOODNIGHT!

ANOTHER OF NESTLÉ'S GOOD THINGS

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468

JANUARY 14 1956 VOLUME 99 NUMBER 2585

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

- WINTER JOURNEY *by Edwin O. Hector* 9
THE ENCHANTED CLARINET *by James Kalshoven* 17

Articles

- CHRISTINA'S DOG-EARED FORTUNE *by John Ennis* 13
VISION IN THE SANDS *by Harry Hopkins* 20
BATTLE FOR THE CAKE TINS *by John Harman* 26

Serials

- THE JUDAS FIGURES (Part 6) *by Audrey Erskine Lindop* 24
DIAMOND FEVER (Part 3) *by William Fleming* 28

Features

- FREE SPEECH: 4. THE COVER: 4. SPOT THE LAW-
BREAKER: 41. WOMEN: 30, 32, 34, 37, 41, 44.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR



Edwin O. Hector on his farm. "I have never been happier," he says

ONE day during the wild January snowstorms of 1945, Edwin O. Hector set out to walk from Aboyne across the lonely Aberdeenshire countryside. The experience helped him to write "Winter Journey" (page 9), his first short story in JOHN BULL.

"It took me more than four hours to go the six miles to Tarland," he says, "and the last mile or so I was alone. That was the dreadful part of it . . . to be alone in a winter storm. It was so terrible that all I wanted was to lie down—anywhere, even in the snow. But I just managed to last out and reach home, where I collapsed."

Two years later, his farm at Lauder, in Berwickshire, was snowbound for six weeks. "My

two children could not go to school, we almost ran out of cattle food, and for a week the telephone line was down."

Hector writes, mainly about agriculture, in what little spare time he can find (he is also vice-president of the West Berwick branch of the National Farmers' Union); his wife helps with the typing.

The son of a doctor, Hector became a chartered accountant, but always wanted to be a farmer. "Ten years ago I took the plunge and bought a six-hundred-acre farm. I've not regretted it. It's a hard, strong life and I have never been happier. I have learned more about life than in all my previous forty-one years."

SINCE Ronald Lampitt started work on the sketches for "Spot the Lawbreaker" (page 41), he has become a much more cautious citizen. "I've never been so wary of policemen," he says.

After consulting with the barrister who writes the answers to the puzzles, he draws a suitable scene, usually from memory. "But I was happily sketching a butcher's shop for this week's incident when I thought I would add chickens hanging up. I can draw chickens running, walking, roast or boiled, but for the life of me I couldn't think how they looked upside down." He strolled out to the local butcher, who supplied a window full of models.

Lampitt lives in a London suburb, but readers know him best for his countryside cover paintings. In our new feature he uses the bird's-eye view—a style mastered in the R.A.F. when his pictures of enemy targets helped bomber crews. Now his gift is employed less belligerently; he thinks that his best work was his drawing of "The Queen's Route" in our Coronation issue.



"She's hardly an angel till she's had her

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT AND HOT MILK

Give her a plateful of scrumptious Welgar Shredded Wheat and hot milk and she'll brighten up at once. Busy mothers find this warming wholesome breakfast a real blessing on cold winter mornings. For Welgar Shredded Wheat is not only rich in energy food, complete with protein and precious wheat germ—it's quick to prepare, easy to digest and superbly nourishing. Get a packet for your family right away.



Free Speech

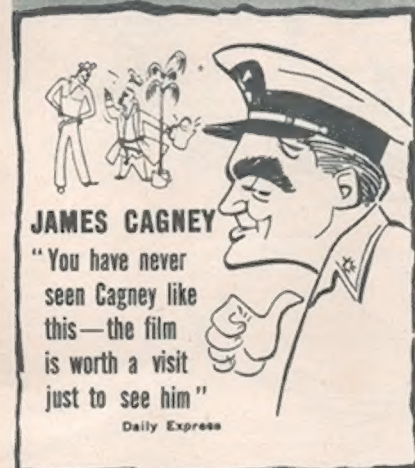
- Trying to avoid colds in Britain
- Life in the north has its snags
- Secret court in a Somerset village



HENRY FONDA

"As the amiable Lieutenant Roberts... magnificent"

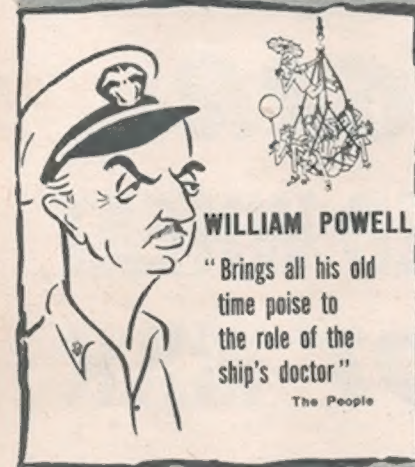
Empire News



JAMES CAGNEY

"You have never seen Cagney like this—the film is worth a visit just to see him"

Daily Express



WILLIAM POWELL

"Brings all his old time poise to the role of the ship's doctor"

The People



JACK LEMMON

"The best light comedian Hollywood has discovered since the war"

The Star

WARNER BROS. present

MISTER ROBERTS

CINEMASCOPE WARNERCOLOR

NATIONALLY RELEASED FROM JAN 15

I AM one of those unfortunate people who catch cold frequently in winter, regardless of the precautions taken.

Drugs, diets, different clothes—even inoculations—have been tried in vain.

On my retirement I hope to buy a house at some place in Britain where the common cold is less common, at least, than elsewhere. I intend to try the Scottish Highlands, where the air is drier and colder than in England. —A. S. MANN, Leeds.

A doctor says: "The cold virus does not appear to flourish in very hot or very cold climates, but you cannot escape colds anywhere in the temperate zones, including all the British Isles. You might avoid them in the Antarctic, but germs could get there in parcels from home."

Money Juggle

One reason for the slow progress of the telephone service in Britain is that the Post Office has raided the revenue from it to make up losses in other services, particularly telegrams. Some telephone staff members feel that a divorce from the G.P.O. would give the public a better service, and improve their own status and pay. —E. C., Westgate-on-Sea, Kent.

In 1954-55 the Post Office had an overall surplus of £5.2 million. The postal services surplus was £3.4 million and the telephone surplus £4.3 million, but the telegraph service lost £2.5 million.

Goal Frenzy

When watching soccer on TV, I am astonished by the antics of players when a goal is scored. You would think they had achieved the extraordinary, instead of doing their job. —J. B., Syston, Leicestershire.

Here's The Rub

Reader G. M. ("Free Speech," December 10) says that the north should share the south's coal transport costs. Perhaps he would also



like a colliery spoilage heap in his garden, and relish the sound of his walls crumbling around him from mining subsidence. —E. P., Notts.

... People in the north pay more for fruit and vegetables, and use more fuel in their colder climate. —W. JOHNSON, Newcastle, 3.

Kohima Memories

Fifty years ago I visited Kohima (*The Siege*, JOHN BULL, December 24) after a half-wild buffalo had knocked me and my horse down a hill.

As a tea planter in Assam I used to holiday in the Naga hills among the head hunters, and I slept for several nights in huts where heads were drying in the rafters.

In Kohima my fellow patient under the doctor was a bandmaster with

delirium tremens; for hours he would "catch" blue rats and pink snakes, and when he was to be shipped home to Britain he refused to leave without his Naga housekeeper. Later, when I joined his column on the road to Dimapur, I found him fighting his Gurkha escort watched by the housekeeper from a large rock. In the end, we were obliged to strap him to a stretcher.

Several times on the four-day trek we crossed the track of a whirlwind which had twisted giant trees like matches. —W. J. BRANDS, Carshalton Beeches, Surrey.

... The cemetery at Kohima is on the site of the old district commissioner's bungalow. Many of the defenders were buried exactly where



they fell, and today, as my photograph shows, a memorial stands at a corner of the tennis court featured in *The Siege*. I am going East again, on January 29, and will gladly photograph any Kohima grave for the benefit of relatives. —D. J. COOPER, 26 Cromwell Road, Cleethorpes.

Super Linguists

To say that the English are the worst linguists in Europe ("Free Speech," December 10) is to repeat a crashing fallacy. In fact qualitatively they are the best, for although comparatively few Englishmen take the trouble to learn foreign languages, those who do nearly always make an excellent job of it.

The authors of the best foreign dictionaries in the world are nearly all Englishmen—or at any rate Britons. Turks, Hebrew-speaking

Jews, Frenchmen, Hungarians, Arabs and so on all study their native tongues with the aid of these dictionaries. The standard grammar book used in Portuguese secondary schools until a few years ago was the work of a cockney friend of mine named Smith. —L. WOLFE, London, W.8.

Strange Irony

In *Prospects Of Happiness* (JOHN BULL, December 10) Christopher Mayhew says that H-bomb warfare is unlikely because both sides have the bomb. Is it not ironic, then, that some of those who helped to bring this about, by passing the atomic secrets of the West under the Iron Curtain, now languish in gaol, stigmatized as traitors? History may judge them in a more generous light. —W. J. K., Belfast.

These men went to gaol for breaking the Official Secrets Act, after pledging themselves to observe it.

Road Nonsense

My quiet road used to run into a busy highway at an acute angle—but there were no accidents. Two years ago the angle was changed into a graceful bend on which drivers no longer have to halt. The result: three accidents. —E. H., Birmingham, 7.

Cress For Sale

The "pin and candle" auction (JOHN BULL, December 17) reminds me of something similar held every year in the village of Tatworth, in Somerset. Property holders who have the inherited right bid at a secret court for seven acres of land—the Stowell Mead—which includes a watercress bed. An inch of tallow candle is lighted, and the last bidder before the candle burns out gets the property for the next year.

The proceeds of the sale are divided in various proportions among the participants, who have to pay fines if they arrive late, and for other infringements of the rules.

Afterwards there is a meal at the inn, and cress from the stream is served. —F. VERRIER, London, N.15.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

A CORAL reef or two, a few cinematic swishes of a grass skirt, and it's the rain-swept scene outside that becomes make-believe. But that only leads to the eternal anticlimax of the cinema. When you're groping for the exit, the desert island of the upper circle suddenly seems a little crowded by tropical standards, and it's a sad let-down to find choc ices, not coconuts, in the foyer. Zelinski's cover filmgoers are quickly learning the truth. In January, rain is reality's fourth dimension, and the cinema has nothing as convincing as that.





KEEP ON TAKING FACES AND PLACES THIS WINTER ON ILFORD FILMS



Exciting pictures are yours for the taking all through the winter —any time, anywhere. Simply choose the right Ilford film.

FP3 for flash pictures at home.

HP3 for photoflood lighting indoors, and outdoor photography by day or by night.

HPS for the most difficult subjects *out of doors* at any time with even the simplest of cameras. Also for snapshots *indoors* by normal room lighting with lens apertures of $f/4.5$ or larger.

HPS is made in 120 size roll film and 35mm standard cassettes.

ILFORD FILMS FOR FACES AND PLACES ANY TIME, ANYWHERE

Study the Products
—fit the Phrases!

£100 OFFERED FOR

A At the Top!
for **EVEN EASIER** Paint Cleaning

MANGERS SUGAR SOAP with a difference! Even more economical, hygienic and easy in use. Instructions on every packet.

★ **FREE HINTS LEAFLET** on redecorating from:
J. Manger & Son Ltd.,
Desk J.B.,
57d Kingsland High St.,
London, E.8

MANGERS SUGAR SOAP
SPECIALLY MADE FOR CLEANING PAINT



B More and more men are wearing the MORLEY CAPTAIN sock

Always look for the name **MORLEY**



C FOR COLD TIMES SAKE!

WOOD'S OLD CHARLIE
FINEST JAMAICA RUM

Insist on **OLD CHARLIE**
It's the Finest Jamaica **RUM**
and the Right RUM for a RUM climate!



D CLEAN HANDS WITHOUT WATER!

On the road—in the garage—in the home—Gre-Sol cleans the dirtiest hands in a flash... even without water! Keeps them germ-free for hours, too, thanks to bactericide DCMX.

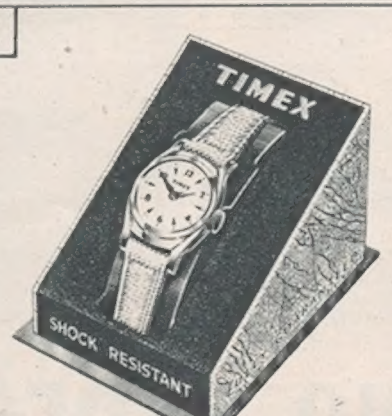
GRE-SOL
ANTISEPTIC JELLY CLEANSER

FREE SAMPLE of Gre-Sol on request from
Gre-Solvent Co.,
Whitehall Road, Leeds, 12



E

TIMEX
SHOCK RESISTANT



Give a TIMEX—choose from the range of 56 models. At prices from £5.15.6 to 49/-, TIMEX offer outstanding watch values! Superb styling, a dustproof seal, unbreakable glass, plus the famous TIMEX V-Conic Shock-resistant movement which cannot be overwound. All models are fully guaranteed.

Leaflet showing full range from:
TIMEX, 161-167 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

F Wilkin's CREMONA DAIRY CREAM TOFFEE

I'll say it's good for you!

IT'S MADE FROM FULL-CREAM MILK AND DAIRY BUTTER!

And only 9d. per ¼ lb.



G

12d RETAIL

A Little a Day—Keeps Germs Away!

PUROSAN DISINFECTANT safeguards the home from infection and disinfects faster as it cleans. Added to washing water it purifies laundry (especially babies'!)

Pritchards PUROSAN
FROM CHEMISTS, GROCERS & HARDWARE STORES
PRITCHARDS LTD. CHEADLE, CHESHIRE



H

Osram
THE WONDERFUL LAMP



HOW TO ENTER

Here is another opportunity to win £100 FREE Cash Prize by sorting out these 16 PHRASES and fitting them to the ADVERTISEMENTS you think suit best. When you have carefully decided on the PHRASE most fitting to each ADVERTISEMENT, insert its Key Number in the appropriate space on your FREE coupon below. Use the coupon on the left yourself. The coupon on the right is for another member of the family. Both may be posted in the same sealed envelope (2½d.) stamp. Only one coupon per entrant is allowed. Last date to post your Free Coupon, Wednesday, Jan. 25.

RULES

To entrant of coupon bearing in ink or ball point the most skilful and appropriate fitting of the given phrases to advertisements on these pages, as decided by panel of advertising experts, a prize of £100 cash will be awarded. Prize shared in event of tie or ties. No entry fee. No phrase may be used more than once. Signature on coupon is entrant's undertaking to accept published result as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees are ineligible.

LAST DAY TO POST COUPON WEDNESDAY JAN. 25

Key Letters of Advertisements
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right

FREE COUPON

Write clearly in Ink or Ball-point

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

Signature.....

Address.....

L.F.P. Jan. 14

ADDRESS ENTRIES:—

Fitting Phrases,
"John Bull"

98 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

FITTING PHRASES

Study the Products
—fit the Phrases!

J



Make some
at home
with
Viota
AFTERNOON TEA CAKE Mixture

K



THIS is the Gin...
... FOR THE POPULAR GIN & ORANGE
And here's the simple recipe: Half fill shaker with ice; add ½ measure of Gordon's* Dry Gin; ½ measure of Orange Squash; shake well and strain into a cocktail glass. For a long drink, add soda or tonic water.
* ASK FOR IT BY NAME
Gordon's
Stands Supreme

L



BLUE BIRD
Toffees
Take the Home Sweet Home

M



SPRINKLE HEALTH ON YOUR FOOD
Be sure to get the full nourishment your body needs. Sprinkle your food with delicious Bemax (plain or chocolate-flavoured). Bemax is stabilized wheat germ—the richest vitamin-protein-mineral supplement. 5/6d, 3/- or 1/9d from all Chemists.
BEMAX
STABILIZED WHEAT GERM
THE RICHEST NATURAL VITAMIN-PROTEIN-MINERAL SUPPLEMENT

N



Souperb!
Eleven delicious, exciting varieties from Continental recipes. Different! Delightful! And made so easily! Each one in the special dual-pack; one half makes 2-3 plates—keep the other until you need it.
4-6 plates of soup for 1'6"
MAGGI SOUPS
If you have any difficulty in obtaining write to:
NESTLÉ'S, HAYES, MIDDLESEX

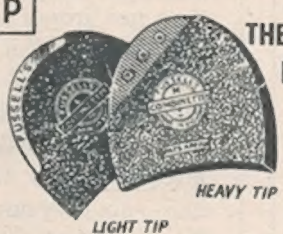
O

PUBLIC OPINION
SAYS
THERE ARE NO
CRISPS
LIKE
SMITH'S

FIT THESE PHRASES

1. A fine spirit with a famous, historic name.
2. Buy a bag of happiness today!
3. — does a good job with germs.
4. Get double satisfaction—choose—!
5. Go home with — and get that smiling feeling!
6. Helps to keep the doctor away.
7. Is it any wonder — sales keep rising?
8. It works like magic—try it!
9. Kind to your feet—and your pocket.
10. Take the expert's advice and try —!
11. The flavour's grand—the price is modest.
12. The old way wastes time—use —!
13. The time it lasts shows the value of —!
14. There's something outstanding in that name.
15. Try —. You'll fall for it, too!
16. Whichever you wear, you're guaranteed satisfaction.

P



THE WHOLE FAMILY MUST ...
... for lasting wear, and everlasting economy—have their shoes repaired with
Combinettes
THE METAL-TIPPED RUBBER HEEL
FUSSELL'S RUBBER CO. LTD.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE, SOM.

Q



bread loves
Stork
margarine

Note address for entry and last day to post. Result will be published in "John Bull" as soon as possible.

Key Letters of Advertisements
Fill in the Key NUMBERS of the Phrases in the appropriate spaces on the right

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q

FREE COUPON

Write clearly in Ink or Ball-Point.

In entering this competition I agree to accept the decision of the Advertisement Director of "John Bull" as final and legally binding.

Signature.....

Address.....
2.F.P. Dec. 24

LAST DAY
TO POST
COUPON
WEDNESDAY
JAN. 25



VENO'S is 90 % demulcent

Demulcents have a special kind of prolonged moistening effect on the tender membranes of the throat. That is why Veno's, which is 90% demulcent, is so quick to relieve the tickle responsible for nearly all irritating, exhausting coughs. The quick way to stop a cough, and so to get to sleep, is the safe demulcent way . . . the Veno's way. Give Veno's to your children; take it yourself.



x marks the
membranes

X in the diagram shows the membranes where irritation arises. The special demulcent qualities of Veno's Cough Mixture quickly soothe away this irritation.

Sip Veno's slowly

Sip a teaspoonful of Veno's. Sip it slowly. Feel its soothing warmth cover the wide area at the back of your throat—the tender membranes between the top of the windpipe and the tonsils.

The result

Read this letter—it speaks for thousands who value Veno's. " . . . I got some (Veno's Cough Mixture), took a dose straight-away and then every two hours and my word what a relief from that terrible dry cough, and now I am getting a real good night's rest. Thanks a million for such a wonderful medicine."

Mrs. S. W. Twyford, Berks.



VENO'S COUGH MIXTURE

VENO'S COUGH MIXTURE

Available at all Chemists 2/3d., family size 3/6d.



Why men are switching to Silvikrin Hair Cream

It contains Pure Silvikrin

Yes, Silvikrin Hair Cream does more than just groom your hair. It really feeds health into it, for every jar contains a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin, the hair's natural food. That's why Silvikrin Hair Cream gives you such handsome, healthy hair—not only now but always.

It's finer, smoother and more economical

Silvikrin Hair Cream is the most finely emulsified cream you can buy. That's why it holds your hair so surely, yet so lightly—keeping it tidily but not rigidly, in place. And that's why it gives that rich, soft lustre that

only a luxury dressing provides.

It's in a new easy-grip jar

You'll like the new easy-grip, non-slip jar for Silvikrin Hair Cream. It's handsome to look at, handy to hold—in fact the luxury jar for the luxury hair cream.

It costs only 3/-

Every day more and more men are switching to Silvikrin Hair Cream. And no wonder! You'd expect to pay far more for such a luxury hair cream, but it's only 3/-. Only 3/- for the best hair cream you can buy, and the only cream containing Pure Silvikrin. Buy a jar from your chemist, hairdresser or store.

Silvikrin HAIR CREAM

The luxury cream for only

3/-

Winter Journey

It was madness to go: but he had to
get home. And neither storm nor
a woman's plea could stop him

by **EDWIN O. HECTOR**

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER WYLES

JOHN SUMMERS'S long-looked-forward-to holiday at the Smithfield Show had fully come up to expectations—well, almost up to expectations, for the exhibition at Earls Court was on such a scale that the machinery stands dwarfed the cattle exhibits, and John Summers's heart was in a good cattle beast, a black cattle beast and preferably an Aberdeen Angus steer.

The Champion had pleased him. Whenever he had seen him out for his class judging, John had appraised him as an ideal exhibit, and he had followed the judging right through till he saw his favourite triumph.

The Show had been an education for him; the many English breeds of cattle, sheep and pigs were mostly new to him: he had read of them, but had not seen them until now.

London was new to him, too. The vast hotel amazed him, and so did the milling crowds of people, all of whom seemed to have some object in view, some destination to go to. What they were all doing or where they were going was beyond his ken. And when did they sleep? The town was never quiet. As he compared these streets with his own countryside, one thought kept coming into his mind: the number of people there were to feed.

But four days is just about the limit of a countryman's absence from his job, and thoughts of his stock, the farm and his family were now beginning to take precedence over the new things he was seeing. There were things

The hotel girl was sleek and languid and she eyed him coolly. He said, awkwardly, "I'm leaving tonight"



In this wild expanse of wind and snow a train had been lost. . . . How could a man expect to get through?

he was beginning to miss badly, too. Bacon-and-egg was a poor substitute for a good dish of oatmeal porridge—porridge was on the hotel menu, but it wasn't the porridge of home. Even the air of London lacked the northern robustness he was accustomed to, and he longed for a breath of colder air.

And now he was worried. He had been worried ever since last night when, as he was leaving the Show, he had tried to telephone home and had failed to get through.

He'd had trouble with the call from the first. The London phone had had none of the intimacy of his local exchange, where one merely lifted the receiver and said to the operator: "Lassie, would the vet be in?" or: "Put me on to the Mains." Auchnahowe, bonny Auchnahowe, where he had been born and bred and where he hoped to die, hadn't rung any bell with the London operator. Even Knockdale, the local railway station and bigger village, had left the man unmoved except for the exhortation: "You're not helping me much, old man. Which main exchange is it?"

"Aberdeen will know."

"Right. Put one-and-nine in the box and don't press Button A till I tell you."

At long last the reply came through that there was no reply from Auchnahowe 270, and that had disturbed him. The thought had gnawed at him all day that he was alone in London, out of touch with his home.

Early the next evening, just after six, he tried again and overheard the internal talk of the telephone exchanges.

"You're through to Aberdeen."

"You're through to Knockdale." This in a good Scots tongue.

"Knockdale." That would be Jessie Anderson, the postmaster's daughter.

"Knockdale, long distance: Auchnahowe two-seven-oh."

Then: "Sorry, we cannot get through to Auchnahowe—all the lines are down."

The operator came back to him. "Sorry, all the lines are down to your number. Press Button B to regain your money."

"Just a minute—can you put me through to Knockdale exchange, then?"

The long line journey was completed again. "You're through to Knockdale now—press Button A."

John recognized Jessie Anderson's voice again. He said: "Jessie, it's John Summers of Wester Howben speaking. I'm in London. What for why can you no get through to Auchnahowe?"

"Oh, Mr. Summers, is it you yourself? The lines have been down since yesterday's storm."

"What storm, lassie?"

"Oh, a terrible day of drift, Mr. Summers. Thunder and lightning, too. There's no post gone out yesterday or today. The trains haven't run today and there's one lost between here and Aberdeen. I'm fair vexed, but there's nothing I can do. It'll be a week before we get lines working. Have you no snow?"

"Snow, lassie? Why, it's like midsummer with us down here. If you get a chance, send a message to Mrs. Summers that I'm coming home now."

"You'll likely not get farther than Aberdeen, Mr. Summers—but you can aye try."

"I can. Thanks, lassie. Mind my message."

He could try. That thought was uppermost in his mind as he retired from the phone box.

He felt for his return ticket in his wallet. He checked the time, and found he had less than an hour to get to King's Cross. That would need some organization. One afternoon he had left Earls Court at two o'clock and it had taken him

hours to get to Piccadilly Circus. It had been one long journey in the Underground trains. These railways were a queer set up, they kept going on, and it was only when he got to Edgware Road for the second time that he was put on his right way.

But he wouldn't take the Underground. Expense had not to be considered tonight. A taxi was the only way, first of all to his hotel.

He took one last look at the brilliant illuminations of the Earls Court Hall and made for the exit, coming out into a dismal town of winter rain. He got a taxi, and the driver assured him that he could make King's Cross in the time.

On the way to the hotel, John sat on the edge of the seat, marvelling at the thrustfulness of the driver, the quick deviation to right or left as traffic lights changed ahead, the bustling race round the park; and, despite the inclement night, the odd Londoner or two sitting on the park benches. Then there was the terrifying scramble round the Marble Arch.

At the hotel, he was taken aback by the driver's demand for the fare so far: "Sorry sir, but this hotel has two hentrances and two hexits, and I've been caught that way before."

John paid up—an expensive night to be sure, but it was even worse not to be trusted. He was more glad than ever now that he was going home, even if he had to pay for the bed he wouldn't be sleeping in tonight.

As he quickly packed, he surveyed his self-contained room. He wouldn't forget it, its too warm luxuriousness, its dismal outlook on a central well, its exclusive quietness in the heart of London, its own bathroom and lavatory—better than many an Aberdeenshire croft or cottar house—and the telephone so handy but tonight so ineffective and tantalizing. It had all been a great experience, a new experience for him, but he'd had enough of it.

He hurried down the thickly carpeted stairs with his bag—he had never got the hang of the lift—and crossed the bustling foyer towards the reception desk. The sleek, dark-haired young woman behind the desk scared him to death, and he told her awkwardly: "I'm leaving tonight, missie, instead of tomorrow." He put down his bag and pulled out his wallet. "Will you tell me what I owe?"

The young woman looked at him coolly. "Room number?" she asked.

"Room two-eight-four," he told her hastily, remembering that in this place he was just a number and not John Summers of Wester Howben. He wanted more than ever to be gone.

The young woman consulted a ledger, and then she looked at him again, just as though he'd pinched the sheets off the bed or something. Then she waved a languid hand. "Please pay the cashier," she said.

He went along to the cashier's grille. It was fair astonishing how quickly he got the bill, all added up and ready in a minute—and astonishing, too, the size of it. He paid it, got another of those looks from the cashier girl. Then he was out of the hotel and in the taxi again.

He caught the train—The Aberdonian. The very name board made him feel better.

The suburbs were one vast town, miles of twinkling windows, and the rail traffic almost frightening as the express overtook trains, most of them with carriages choc-a-bloc with passengers standing, all home-going. Just think—each of these thousands of twinkling windows bordering the line was somebody's home!

But now he was thinking about his own home. A bad storm, Jessie had said, a lot of drift. The milk wouldn't get away, but it would keep stood

The girl cried to him to give up, but he would not. "As easy to go forward as back," he shouted above the wind

in the snow. He had ordered his feeding supply before he left. Would it be delivered before the storm? The silage was a grand standby, but would they start it in his absence?

Then there was the men's wages. Margaret might not get to the bank. Still, if she couldn't, the men wouldn't need the money with no vans calling. He might cash a cheque in Aberdeen if he had time.

Hay was all right. The corn yard had the feeding oats next the home mill. Turnips—they were all right: he had stored enough to put by a storm. The sheep on the hill—Andy, the 'herd, was reliable and there was hay in the shelter of the larch wood, though much depended on the direction the storm came from. Lastly, coal and paraffin had been stored, and Margaret had the girdle full of oatmeal and flour.

On second thoughts, he was well prepared for a storm. All the same, it was time he was home. A farm storm-bound required the farmer.

The momentum of the train increased. It must be doing a lot more than sixty miles an hour, perhaps nearer ninety. He just hoped the driver knew his job.

Waverley Station was a draughty place, but



a cup of tea at three in the morning shortened the night, and John found a heap of morning papers on a trolley where he could simply put down his money and take his choice. That restored some of his well-being. *Two hen-trances and two hexits be damned*, he told himself. *Here's money and trust*.

He read that the north was snowbound, that only trains from the south could reach Aberdeen. A train was lost on his branch line—that would be the train Jessie Anderson mentioned. No bus services were available out of the town. There was no word of Auchnahowe, but there couldn't be, of course, with the wires down and the drifted snow. Knockdale was mentioned, isolated with nearly all local telephone lines out of order.

He glanced out of the window, hearing the drumming sound as the train crossed the Forth Bridge. Later the lights of Edinburgh lay opposite across the Forth, and then the lights of Dundee shimmered across the Tay.

His carriage emptied at Dundee and he took down his case and changed shoes to heavy, well tacketed market boots. The train seemed really slow now, and at Montrose the tide was out and

the Tidal Basin lay black and forbidding in the light of a westering moon. The Grampians to the north lay mantled in white, but no snow lay near the coast.

He lowered the window and breathed in the cool north-west wind—this was what he needed after the humid, almost fetid, air of the London tubes. The sky was clear apart from streaks of high cloud. The storm had passed, but that wind farther inland could be as bad as a storm, lifting the powdery snow and blowing it into towering drifts.

At last Girdleness lighthouse came in view, and then he could smell the smoke-houses of the Aberdeen fish trade. And finally the train drew in to the cold, long, south arrival platform and the distinct ever-present smell of fish.

THERE was no train to Knockdale. There wouldn't be one till they found the train that was lost. The train had left Knockdale, but it had never got to Aberdeen, and if it didn't get in by eight o'clock, there wouldn't be one out again till the afternoon.

John had to accept the situation. He went and cashed a wages cheque in the town and

returned to the station in the early afternoon to find his local train of three passenger coaches and two engines impatiently steaming up. There seemed to be an air of expectancy, an urge of conquest, the excitement of adventure, and his fellow travellers were talkative. The missing train had arrived at eleven o'clock; it had stuck ten miles east of Knockdale. The line was open to that point, but nothing was known about the track westwards from there.

This really was an occasion, and the top-hatted Aberdeen stationmaster saw the Knockdale train off. But soon a feeling of anti-climax was apparent. True, the snow in the surrounding country got deeper, but the train pulled up the lovely riverside line without trouble. Every station had an unusual number of people to meet the train, and the mails and newspapers were avidly seized upon.

The long climb came where yesterday's train had stuck. Darkness came down, but the train chuffed its way upwards. There were frequent flurries of snow now, lifted by an ever-increasing north-west wind. The hills stood white and cold against a frosty sky and the lights of the many farms and crofts looked isolated in this

Speed in my blood

by DONALD CAMPBELL



My foot went down on Bluebird's throttle. Lake Mead leaped at me. I thought: "Keep her straight and remember you've got no room to spare at the other end. And to hell with thinking." Then I seemed to be driving over an ice-surfaced road, rocketing into space. . . .

DONALD CAMPBELL had left the glittering floorshows of the Las Vegas night clubs at dawn that day, to shatter the silence of a desert lake thirty miles away with the scream of Bluebird's jet engine—and break his own water speed record at 216 m.p.h.

In "Speed In My Blood," Campbell's own account of his American triumph appears for the first time.

It marks the climax of the greatest success story of any young Briton since the war.

Working on a shoestring budget, Campbell had only the backing of a handful of loyal friends—and his own indomitable courage. He staked every penny in a desperate gamble to win back the record that America had captured from his father.

All his life, Donald has lived in a world of speed. There was a warm, human relationship between him and his speed king father, and the spirit of Sir Malcolm lives on in his son.

Donald's record attempts in the Campbell tradition have been a race with danger. On Lake Garda, he was in the cockpit when his speedboat burst into flames. On Lake Coniston, scalding oil blinded him as Bluebird approached maximum



Campbell with his wife Dorothy

speed—and skidded out of control.

Then came the heartbreaking day when, at 170 m.p.h., Bluebird crashed and sank.

But not even that disaster stopped Campbell. He battled on, helped now by the New Zealand girl he had met when she was on holiday in the Lake District. . . .

For Dorothy it is not all fun being married to a husband and a boat as well . . . yet she has always been tolerant, understanding—and a great help.

He built a new Bluebird—a jet boat in which he at last achieved his life's ambition. Campbell's own story of his long struggle to become the fastest man afloat begins . . .

snowbound land. There was no traffic on the roads—virginal snow seemed to fill them from edge to edge.

The train reached Knockdale, where the platform hadn't been so busy for years. Never, in fact, since the advent of the buses.

There was no conveyance to Auchnahowe. The mail-carrier was in Auchnahowe and couldn't get down. While John was inquiring, Mary Dawson joined him. She was a school-teacher in Aberdeen, but felt she had had to come out to see if her widowed mother was all right in the storm. Mrs. Dawson lived a mile below Wester Howben.

"What shall we do, Mr. Summers?" Mary asked.

"Oh, there's Jock Stewart, Mary. I'll see him."

Jock was a motor-hirer and he was already collecting some luggage. He said: "You'll never get to Auchnahowe, Mr. Summers, unless you walk, and it's a cruel wind. Better be advised to stay in Knockdale for the night. My missus would put you up."

"Couldn't you try and get us through?" John asked.

"Aye, and get stuck."

"Man, but surely you could try."

Jock Stewart thought aloud. "I've a run to the Elms. Mr. Summers, I'll be back in ten minutes. I'll take you as far as I can—it may be a mile, it may be three, but it will no be all the road. Anyway, will that do you?"

"As long as you try, Jock."

"Well, walk up the station brae. If I get up it, I'll come back to the square."

John could gather no news of Auchnahowe. He and Mary left the station, and once they were up the brae and into Knockdale Square the north-west wind was bitterly cold and strong.

"It's no night for a woman to be out, Mary," he said. "You'd better stay the night here. I'll cry in on your mother."

"I'm worried about her, Mr. Summers. If you can get there, I can."

"Well, here's Jock back now. Into the back seat with you—I'll go in front." He climbed in beside the driver. "What's it like, Jock?"

"Never seen it worse. I shouldna' be taking you."

THEY quickly left the shelter of the Knockdale houses and, once out in the country, the wind was a gale, whipping up the dry snow into a fury of drift, though the sky was star-studded and clear. At times there was only a wall of whiteness in front of them, throwing the glare of the headlights back. But their speed never slackened. Speed, according to Jock, was the only way to get through.

To John, this was worse than the Knightsbridge taxi ride. Drifts lay across the road, deepening at times like waves of the sea to as much as six feet. At the sight of such a drift Jock's foot went down on the accelerator and the speedometer needle leaped to forty-five. The car burst through the drift, shuddered, dropped in speed, and again charged onwards.

"You're real fast," John cautioned.

"Only way," replied Jock, and charged the next obstruction. Each time the drifts seemed deeper, yet somehow the car plunged through them. Two miles, three miles, half way to Auchnahowe. They were on a long straight when the car swerved sickeningly towards the ditch, regained the crown of the road, and stopped. Ahead of it was a cattle lorry with its radiator embedded in the nearside ditch and its tailboard overhanging the offside edge.

"This is as far as I'll get," announced Jock. "You'll have to turn me round and I'll get back before my tracks are blown in. Ten shillings to you, Mr. Summers. You'll be paying for the lady? Leave your cases in the car. I'll send them up. Hurry now."

They both got out and John looked into the

Continued on page 34

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



William Foyle, Christina's father, started the business when he sold his own textbooks

Christina's dog-eared fortune

by JOHN ENNIS

Browsers and buyers haunt Foyle's cluttered bookshop and take their pick from thirty miles of surprises

WHEN a friend told her that he was going on a visit to the Argentine a few months ago, Christina Foyle, the handsome business woman who controls Foyle's bookshop in Charing Cross Road, London, remembered that an Argentinian organization owed her firm £200 for books. "It's an old debt, and we've written it off as a bad one," she said. "But if you can collect it, you can keep half."

The friend, a writer, was unable to collect the money, but he mentioned the debt later while talking to the then President Perón. Perón regretted that he could do nothing about the money. Instead he sent Christina a present of a fully equipped crocodile skin dressing case, worth more than £200.

While she was delighted to receive the present, Christina Foyle was not surprised that she and her bookshop were known to the head of a far-away country. A daily average of 30,000 letters from all parts of the world arrives at the cluster of buildings (one was once a synagogue) that houses Foyle's fast-moving stock of four million books on thirty miles of shelving. "We get a hundred pounds a week for foreign stamps," says Christina. Signs in the street outside boldly announce this as "The World's Greatest Bookshop." Foyle's



There are books everywhere at Foyle's. The cluster of buildings in Charing Cross Road houses four million, and the basement is full of unopened cases



When the record department was opened, it had modern counters and plenty of shining floor space. Today, it's packed with books

Many students use Foyle's bookshop as a free library. Miss Foyle has letters from famous men thanking the firm for letting them study



have branches in Dublin and South Africa, and they boast a large trade with the Japanese, who send for success stories of big industries. When Hitler made bonfires of books, Christina Foyle cabled him: "Don't burn them, sell them to us."

Foyle's is constantly filled with browsers, who are never asked to buy. Students use the shop as a free library, and Miss Foyle treasures letters from prominent men, among them Herbert Morrison, thanking the firm for allowing them to study in their impecunious youth. One man, who was reading a book by instalments in his lunch-hour, raged around the shop when the book was sold before he had finished it, swearing that he would never come in again. "Browsers make the books dog-eared, but people still buy them," says Miss Foyle.

The casual freedom allowed to customers has its disadvantages, and on the average four people a day are caught stealing. "Always men," says Christina, "and nearly always wearing rain-coats." Once a policeman, off duty, was found stealing a book with the title *How To Get Rich Quickly*. Some time ago, a man died of heart failure while he was being questioned by the shop's detective. Once, when William Foyle, Christina's father, caught a student stealing, the youth waved a small bottle and said that he would commit suicide. Foyle let him go, but kept the bottle. It contained whisky. A keen assistant once held a man on suspicion. He was Christina's uncle.

Christina once followed a clergyman and stopped him in the street. She found his case was filled with stolen sheet music. Investigation uncovered five hundred books at his home, all stolen from Foyle's. "That was years ago," she says. "I used to be outraged by book thieves. Today I have grown more tolerant."

A SURPRISING amount of conscience money reaches Foyle's from book thieves haunted by their misdemeanour, especially after evangelists have been running revivalist meetings in London. Towards the end of the war, a man wrote to say that he had been converted by a Buchmanite campaign. He enclosed tickets from left luggage offices at three London stations. Christina sent an assistant to the stations, and he returned with parcels containing seven hundred books that the man had stolen over a number of years.

Under the main shop, the basement is constantly heaped with old books, and with parcels, tea-boxes, crates, portmanteaux and sea-trunks stuffed with books and yet to be opened. These are books sent or brought in for sale to Foyle's secondhand departments. Most—about 17,000 volumes a week—are sent away to be pulped.

All, however, are swiftly examined by experts. Years ago, William Foyle bought a first edition of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám* for twopence and sold it in America for £2,000. Recently, Christina read a biography of an American book dealer who opened his story by saying that his business had been based on a find at Foyle's. While his friend attracted the attention of the Foyle brothers, he bought some crates containing the early papers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and sold them in America for thousands of dollars—enough to set him up for life. "And here we were," says Christina, "selling his book and adding to his royalties."

Mistakes have led Foyle's into odd situations. The owner of a provincial religious bookshop wrote recently complaining that his woman assistant had fainted when she opened the latest consignment to find, on the top, a book of nude studies.

A firm in the Midlands wrote telling a sad tale of bad labour relations. For years, one employee after another had been sacked for embezzlement. Suspicion ran rife through the firm, and workers were resigning on the grounds that they could stand the situation no longer. Now the firm had discovered that the cause of its troubles was a specialized ready reckoner, compiled in the nineteenth century and now



published by Foyle's from the original plates, entitled *Hardwick's Traders' Check Book*. One figure in the book was one farthing out, but it happened to be a figure that constantly recurred in the firm's business. The odd farthings had mounted to considerable losses over the years. Christina could do nothing but apologize and have the next edition of the book corrected.

A little over fifty years ago, William Foyle and his brother, Gilbert, failed their examinations for the civil service. They took jobs as office boys and advertised their textbooks in the "for sale" column of a shorthand magazine. The overwhelming demand for their handful of books sent them scouring barrows and second-hand bookshops for more textbooks which they sold.

When their father, a grocer, complained of dusty books in every room, they took a warehouse in Islington for five shillings a week, expanded to a shop at Peckham for ten shillings a week, then moved into the Charing Cross Road. "It smelled of jam and onions from a big preserves factory," says William, a twinkling-eyed showman whose white hair reaches his collar in a Victorian poetic or Buffalo Bill style. "They couldn't let the shop, and we got it for the first year rent-free." Among the original textbooks that the brothers advertised was a copy of Hall and Knight's *Algebra*. Over the years that book has been Foyle's steadiest best-seller.

Christina entered the business when she left school at seventeen. Her training was tough. Her father sent her to collect bad debts. "I



Above: Christina and her father discuss a new consignment of books at Mr. Foyle's home, Beeleigh Abbey



Miss Foyle serves a customer. Old ladies like thrillers, but her best-seller is a textbook on algebra

firmly refused to leave without something, either in cash or in kind," she recalls. Often she returned to the shop with pieces of furniture in lieu of payment.

Much of her determination was based on the fact that at this time, in the late 1920s, the book trade was in the doldrums. Father William took care to teach his protégée what he called "psychology and strategy." Overdrawn at the bank, he took Christina with him to see the bank manager. Before going in he pulled his tie awry. After a few minutes serious lecturing, the bank manager broke off and exclaimed: "William, your tie!" and leaned over to straighten the knot. "I learned the value of drawing red herrings," Christina says today.

SHE needed all her toughness recently to handle a prize of £250 given by her father for the year's best published book of poetry. A committee of poets was appointed to select the winner. Two weeks before the presentation was due, the committee still could not agree. Christina chose a book herself and sent a copy to each committee member saying: "This is the prize-winning book. I trust it meets with your approval." At the luncheon organized to present last year's poetry prize, Lord Samuel, in a speech, complained of obscurity in modern poetry. Stephen Spender, the poet, pushed his way out, announcing that he was going to look for some rotten eggs.

Foyle has encouraged his daughter with unfulfilled promises. While still a schoolgirl, she

struggled for three years to translate the works of Molière into English, assured by her father that £1,000 would be hers when she finished. "He never has given me a thousand pounds," says Christina. "Somehow you can't pin him down."

She was slow to learn this. A further £1,000 offer made her throw herself into organizing the monthly Foyle's literary luncheons, now a national institution at which readers, at a present-day cost of 17s. 6d., may eat with authors and listen to their speeches.

Again, £1,000 was to be her reward for the successful launching of the Foyle's book clubs. Christina is faintly startled at the facts uncovered by a study of book-club members. Old ladies prefer Mickey Spillane; readers of Westerns get through a book a day; and an unexpectedly large proportion of readers of girls' school stories are of the retired-colonel type.

Christina is married to Ronald Batty, a Foyle's executive. Before she married, a peer who attended the literary luncheons sought her as a bride until he heard how £1,000 prizes slipped from her grasp. He then took her into his confidence, and offered to split the proceeds if she would introduce him to a wealthy widow. John George Haigh, the acid-bath murderer, and his victim, Mrs. Durand-Deacon, were regular visitors to the luncheons. Afterwards, at a luncheon arranged around crime books, Haigh's

effigy from Madame Tussaud's waxworks had the place of honour.

There is a slightly sinister side to running a bookshop on the edge of Soho. No assistant is left more than a few months in the department devoted to books on the occult, because of a tendency veterans have to grow beards, dress oddly and generally become affected by the books and the customers.

Two years ago, a man staggered in from Soho with a knife in his back. "He died among the thrillers," says Christina. Another hanged himself after reading *A Handbook of Hanging*, bought from Foyle's. Once it was suggested that a murderer had planned his crime from a book from Foyle's. Evidence in a security trial hinted that the shop had been used as a meeting-place by traitors.

Even convicts order books from Foyle's. A prisoner in Wandsworth asked for a book on the cutting and resetting of precious stones.

THOUGH Foyle's bookshop has been in existence for more than fifty years, and is today a highly successful family business with an annual turnover of £2 million, the premises always have the look of a place that has been opened just before everybody was ready. Books lie in tottering heaps against walls, in corners and on counters and desks.

Ben Perrick, Foyle's advertising manager, smiled wearily as he tried recently to explain the apparent chaos to a visitor. "There's something about Foyle's," he said. "My office, empty, was quite smart. We occupied it for a fortnight and it looked like the rest of the place. We opened a new, spruce stationery department. Three weeks later, you got the feeling that if you picked up a greetings card the whole place would collapse.

"But the customers seem to like it. They complain when things are too neat. I suppose that too much tidiness makes the browsers feel uncomfortable. American visitors are impressed by the place as it is. They think it's quaint."

The Foyle family likes it, too. Christina said recently, in her high-pitched, little-girl voice: "It's fun running a bookshop. I can read any book, free, as soon as it comes out." THE END

Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'



YORK MINSTER WITH BOOTHAM BAR: by John Minton

They call a spade a spade in Yorkshire

COUNTY OF BROAD ACRES, of fells, dales, and endless miles of glorious moors – yet of industries famed the world over. Wool, coal, steel – they're all there in Yorkshire; while Sydney Bridge and other miracles of steel stand monuments to the skill of its engineers. Yorkshire – that bore the intrepid Capt. Cook, George Washington's forebears and the Brontes.

Its people are tough, thorough, outspoken, but kind, generous, and hospitable. They love the good things of life, keenly judging quality and sound worth. This is proved by the fact that a fleet of 75 little red

Brooke Bond vans is kept busy supplying Yorkshire alone.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens – more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world – with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets. Brooke Bond is the only tea firm with five blending and packing factories in the United Kingdom. Each serves its own part of the country, and the little red vans, always a familiar sight, become more and more in evidence every week delivering fresh tea to over 150,000 shops.

Over 50 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day

Brooke Bond



good tea - and **FRESH!**

Gather 'Wild Flowers' . . .

In each packet of 'Choicest' and 'Edglets' you will find one of the 'Wild Flowers' picture card series by John Markham, F.R.P.S.



The Enchanted Clarinet

Papa Amboli's pizza was a dream, his son's music aspirations were a nightmare.
But join the two and the possibilities were endless by JAMES KALSHOVEN

PAPA AMBOLI gave his youngest son, Giovanni, a baleful glare—Giovanni, who wanted nothing but to play his clarinet. "Better you learn to make *cassata* ice-cream," Papa Amboli said. "Better you learn to play the saxophone, even the harmonica. But the clarinet? Wagh-h-h!"

A small fat man, Papa Amboli, in whose ears still rolled the crescendo of the Mediterranean beaches. Tomato-cheeked, moustachioed and short-breathed. But his pizzas were pure poetry. In Soho, where food is not a fad but a fetish, Papa Amboli's pizzas were unrivalled. Unfortunately, in Soho a man does not live by pizza alone. There it is but one instrument in a vast orchestra of culinary delights.

"Clarinets!" said Papa Amboli. "Pouf!"

"You are an unshaven idiot whose hairs fall into the soup," declared Mamma Amboli. "And if the boy likes the clarinet, why cannot he play it? Myself, I think it is most beautiful."

"Bah!" muttered Papa Amboli. "Mothers are notoriously prejudiced. They are also as blind as bats and deaf as doors." And he stamped through the swinging door of Amboli's Café into the kitchen, where he could brood.

Giovanni listened, as he had listened often before, with travail and turmoil. Who was he to doubt Papa Amboli, that cornucopia from which flowed shelter, food, clothing and, as a reluctant trickle, cash for clarinet lessons? Yet there was also Mamma Amboli, sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued, and bursting with confidence in her last born.

The elder Ambolis had come to this country from Taranto, young and eager and much in love. Now they almost owned their own stout house in Richmond, and had pushed four stout and unwilling boys through grammar school.

One, Giuseppe, was in Eire, engaged in the manufacture and transportation of poteen. Antonio and Carlos were also disappointments, being precariously employed in Smithfield Market. That left only Giovanni. Neither Papa nor Mamma Amboli wanted him to go to waste.

Papa Amboli's head thrust through the kitchen door like a vexed Punchinello. "I do not buy another lesson for him. No music. No lessons. He has learned enough."

Mamma Amboli's hands upon her massive hips were forebodings of misfortune. "And what would you have him do? Become a bootlegger like Giuseppe?"

"He could be a chef. Even a waiter."

Mamma Amboli shushed him with a finger stroke in the air. "Giovanni did not finish school to become a conniver of tips. And a chef must have a soul that lives in his belly. Giovanni's soul does not live in his belly."

Papa Amboli reddened and snorted.

Mamma Amboli said placidly, "Do not be so



"My smart Theresa," gushed Mamma Amboli. "You are fortunate, Giovanni, in having such a sweetheart who plans so splendidly for your future"



ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

outraged. You are not a chef. All you can prepare well is your pizza, and that you can do only because your father revealed to you its secrets."

Her husband considered and was mollified. True he ached with desire to have a great chandeliered restaurant, on whose parquetered floor sedate black-clad waiters solemnly bore the *galantine de faisan*, the *pompano papillote*, the caviar and *escargots*, the *bombes* and *soufflés* to hushed and reverent gourmets. But that was an unattainable dream, he knew, springing from vanity and pomp, not from an inextinguishable lust of creativeness. So might a tug-boat skipper, at Tilbury Docks, yearn to

captain one of the mighty trans-Atlantic liners.

"No, I suppose I am not a chef," he sighed. "Perhaps Giovanni might like to sell used cars. Giovanni, would you like to sell used cars?"

Giovanni said humbly, "I would rather not. I prefer music and to buy my own car."

"Imbecile! You cannot buy a dented hub cap."

"Sh-h!" remonstrated Mamma Amboli. "What is the harm if he plays his music? Do you want him to go dog-racing every night, like Antonio and Carlos?"

"Pah!" said Papa Amboli, and disappeared again.

So, as you see, at that time it appeared most

unfortunate that Giovanni preferred music. Unlucky Giovanni! A sad occasion, that long-ago day when Mamma Amboli had gone to a nearby pawnbroker's and bought a clarinet. . . .

The wind and the grey twilight rain whipped down Catnip Street against the shuttered windows and the terraced houses. It stung the plate glass of Amboli's café—*Pizza a Speciality*. Inside, under the bare bulbs, the oilcloth-covered tables glistened wanly, the chair's huddled empty.

Mamma Amboli said tenderly, "You could practise now, Giovanni. I would not mind if you played the Ave Maria."

Giovanni played the Ave Maria for his

Mamma Amboli listened with pride as Giovanni's first note came trillingly forth. Not so Signor Stravini. "Stop that devil's yowling," he cried loudly

the candles she lit flickered under her murmured prayers for him.

Ridiculous, thought Papa Amboli, in hot fury before his great wood-burning stove, that these two burning young idiots did not marry and settle down. Perhaps Giovanni would then forget his foolishness of the clarinets.

But Mamma Amboli . . . ! At the thought of Theresa she would fold her arms, her cheeks would swell, her mouth tighten; for, to a mother, what girl is good enough for a youngest son who is a genius?

The rain was grey spears plunging into Catnip Street. A spiteful, wind-churned rain. Incredible for such a brute of a day to bring golden fortune to the Ambolis. Yet it did. . . .

THE door opened and Theresa entered, galoshes squelching, raincoat dripping, the chill breeze and the rain thrusting behind her. But her eyes were shining, her lips were smiling; and Giovanni, seeing her, welcomed her with the last soaring rapturous notes of the Ave Maria. Then he lowered his clarinet.

"Hallo, Theresa," he said.

"Hallo, Giovanni," she said shyly.

Mamma Amboli said, "Let us hope there is no mud on your shoes, Theresa."

"There is no mud," said Theresa. "I came by taxi."

"Taxi!" Mamma Amboli sniffed.

"Sh-h-h, Mamma!" said Giovanni.

Mamma Amboli grunted and went to sit in the farthest spot, which was the tall wooden stool behind the cash register. Papa Amboli, who had peered from his kitchen at the prospect of a customer, was striding across the room, arms wide, moustachios vibrating. "Ah, Theresa, my dear!"

Smilingly, Theresa kissed the stout cheek. Mamma Amboli's wooden stool scraped fretfully on the floor.

Giovanni said, "But a taxi, Theresa! That was really expensive."

Theresa went up on her tiny shoes as if to dance. "This could not wait, Giovanni. Today at the table I waited on for lunch were Signor Stravini and the four other Stravinis. You know, the musicians."

Of course the Amboli's knew of the Five Stravinis who, with their orchestra, were at the end of a two-week London engagement.

"And for that," snapped Mamma Amboli, "she takes a taxi to tell us."

A sharp little sideways glance Theresa flicked at Mamma Amboli. "But there is more to tell, Mrs. Amboli. The Stravinis order pizza, and when I asked them how they liked it, Signor Rodolfo Stravini, who is their leader, said that it was fair, but they were disappointed. Compared to their mother's pizza—"

"Pah!" snorted Papa Amboli. "The Stravinis come from Corsica, and the pizza of Corsica. . . ." He held his nose. "They should taste mine."

"That is what I told them," said Theresa. "And tonight Signor Rodolfo will be here to do so."

"And that is the great news for which you rushed by taxi?" scoffed Mamma Amboli. "Pouf!"

And even Papa Amboli appeared a trifle disappointed in Theresa. Giovanni blew wanly into his clarinet.

Angrily Theresa plumped small fists upon round hips. "Such blindness! It is an opportunity for Giovanni. When Signor Stravini arrives, then Giovanni will play for him. Giovanni's music, Papa Ambolia's pizza, and a sip of good wine—perhaps Signor Stravini might hire Giovanni for his orchestra."

Hastily Mamma Amboli clambered from her stool.

Papa Amboli grumbled, "With my pizza, Signor Stravini will not need the wine," but no one heeded him.

"My little fig!" gushed Mamma Amboli. "My smart Theresa! You are fortunate, Giovanni, in

having such a sweetheart who plans so splendidly for your future."

Giovanni held Theresa's hand. "It is only what I have been telling you for a long while, Mamma," he said.

Mamma Amboli coughed indignantly. "But never when I was in a mood to listen."

That night at Amboli's Café was tense with anticipation—Mamma Amboli watching the clock, Giovanni gnawing his fingers, even Papa Amboli, between snortings of impatience, sensing a small tickle up and down his backbone that at first he had believed to be an ant.

But it was near midnight before the stranger appeared.

Immediately the Ambolis knew. The haughty air, the appraising glance, the fur-collared coat of an artist. Who could it be but Signor Stravini?

Mamma Amboli gave a little gasp and touched her heart, Giovanni perspired gently, and observed gratefully that Theresa had understood and was not along. Papa Amboli calculated that, at the most, only an hour lay between him and his bed.

The stranger was thin, stiff as cardboard, and his nose was peculiarly mottled. He sat himself at a table, not the one with the vase of fresh roses that had been prepared for him, but another.

Papa Amboli, not a man to be overawed when he was sleepy and, moreover, the only Amboli capable of words, said: "Are you Signor Stravini?"

"I am." The visitor smiled condescendingly. "The waitress at my hotel told me the pizza is quite passable here."

"Quite passable!" said Papa Amboli. Then he took a deep breath, clamped his tongue, and headed for the kitchen. Behind him Signor Stravini frowned faintly.

Truly, not an auspicious beginning. But trust a mother's resourcefulness. From the crypt beneath the cash register Mamma Amboli drew forth a long-necked, a dusty, an ancient bottle.

"A present, *signore*," she said, "from the house. We do not often have such a distinguished guest."

Signor Stravini looked. His eyes glistened, for the label proclaimed this to be a Hospice de Beaune Burgundy, priceless as rubies with whose fire it glowed, a treasure slipped to Papa Amboli by a friend, and that he had presumptuously presumed to be safely hidden at the bottom of the potato bin.

"A thousand kisses, *signora*." And Mamma Amboli blushed as though she had been kissed a thousand times. "With wine like this," said Signor Stravini, "even sawdust would be delightful."

CAREFULLY he poured, appraisingly he sipped. Signor Stravini breathed deeply and closed his eyes.

Triumphantly Mamma Amboli glanced at Giovanni. She nodded. And Giovanni lifted his clarinet to his mouth.

The first note came trillingly forth. Mamma Amboli shivered delicately with pride and pleasure. Not so the *signore*. His eyes popped open, he jumped, the wine-glass he knocked over, while the red mottling of his nose became a dark purple.

"*Sapristi!*" he cried. "All day I listen to the blattings from horns, and now, when I wish to eat. . . . Stop that devil's yowling."

"Stop my Giovanni and his clarinet?" asked Mamma Amboli unbelievably.

"Instantly! Ah-h-h, that is better." For Giovanni's mouth had dropped open and the sounds had ceased.

"You do not like the clarinet, *hein?*" And Mamma Amboli's voice was a perilous purr.

"Like it? Would I like the toothache?"

"Toothache?" said Mamma Amboli. "You speak so of my Giovanni and his clarinet?"

"I only ask that he be silent and permit me to

Continued on page 42

mamma. He played gently and truly and, for a clarinet solo, quite beautifully. . . .

Behind every successful man, in the bleak black days, is a woman who polishes his ego, nourishes his ambition, and fattens his courage. In Giovanni's life there were two: Mamma Amboli, of course—and Theresa.

Red lips had Theresa Pichoni, and dark eyes, and hair like dark swamp water under the moon. Her figure? Ah, *bellissima!* Gentle curves which caught the admiration of many a male eye in the restaurant of the hotel where she was a waitress.

But none of that for Theresa. She loved Giovanni, and when she went to morning Mass



Vision in the sands

HARRY HOPKINS takes the road from Cairo to meet the men who are building a paradise in the desert

BETWEEN its parallel lines of oil-drum markers the desert road from Cairo to Alexandria stretched monotonously on, a thin black ribbon ruler-straight across the endless sand. Over to the right I could still make out a faint green line, the wall of vegetation where the Delta began. I remembered a phrase: Egypt is an archipelago in a sea of sand.

The car engine droned on. Sand drifted across the tarmac strip. The old oil drums sped by. After an hour or so a road ran off to the right. We followed it. Some grey specks in the distance turned out to be a group of camels. There were a few patches of sparse scrub. We left the road and ran across the sand, the driver following the crests of the waves in which it lay. The desert enveloped us.

And then, suddenly, like a mirage, there were a couple of men sitting under a red and green striped umbrella stuck in the sand, in the middle of nothingness. They seemed to be poring over a sheet of paper. Five hundred yards beyond, a gigantic bulldozer cavorted in a great cloud of dust. A new concrete road sprang up out of the sand and stretched away across the desert.

Our wheels hummed smoothly over it. In a few minutes a water-tower and the minaret of a mosque came in view. It was Om Saber—the

first town to be built in Liberation Province.

Om-Saber was a spruce little town. There was an open-air cinema with a modernistic frontage, a line of concrete administrative offices, a canteen. Casuarina and eucalyptus saplings lined the wide streets and there were red-and-yellow Coca-Cola kiosks at the corners. The small central square was graced by a monument with an Egyptian eagle on one side and an "eternal flame" at the top. When the village started the eternal flame had been oil; now it was electric light.

The streets were deserted. It was Friday noon and the whole population was at the neat brick mosque at the end of the street. They formed a solid square on the ground in front of the mosque, rising and kneeling and prostrating themselves in unison as they prayed.

A brisk middle-aged man in a red tarbush came forward to greet us. He was, our interpreter explained, the Director-General of Cleanliness, a former army colonel. The colonel took us along to the office of a bright-eyed bubbling little man named Mahmoud Shetta. Shetta was the irrigation engineer on the project. He lost no time in bundling us into a jeep and whisking us off on a tour of the new province—or at least such of it as had so far been established.

It was a fantastic sight. The long lines of

The sand is thirsty. It needs four times as much water as black soil. But it can grow abundant cash crops

Sheltered plants and orange saplings pattern land in Liberation Province. Already, produce is being marketed



These infants learn hygiene at a village centre. Eight hundred such centres are planned in the fight against the diseases rife among Egyptians

green things—beans and spinach and watermelons and potatoes and cucumbers—ran away across the yellow sands as far as the eye could see. The marrows under their sheaf-like straw covers. Vast fields of strawberries that were being sent every day to the markets of Cairo. Young orange trees making a neat dark pattern over the desert. Acres of young banana plants and scruffy young date palms sticking up out of the sand like stubble.

A newly made canal ran alongside the road; a network of concrete-lined conduits carried the

life-giving Nile water away across the "fields." At intervals electric pumps and wells supplemented the flow. Mahmoud Shetta happily murmured irrigation formulas . . . "four and four" . . . "eight and four"—eight days irrigation and four days rest. The desert sand had a terrible thirst. It needed four times as much water as black soil. But given the water, given the fertilizer, it would grow abundant cash crops. In a few years the desert would be vanquished.

We passed the neat low houses of a half-finished village, Omar Shaheen. A mile or two farther on, where bulldozers and excavators were still pushing the road and canal forward, there was another village, Omar Makram, still in the earliest—water-tower and electrical substation—stage. Several gangs of labourers worked over moulding machines, making low-cost hollow insulated bricks from a mixture of sand and cement—bricks without straw.

OM SABER—a woman's name—and Omar Shaheen had been "martyrs" of the Canal Zone fighting. But by the time the third village was planned, the British had concluded the agreement to evacuate the Zone. Omar Makram is a national hero of the revolt against Napoleon's occupation. Every village, every street, I was told, will be named after some Egyptian patriot—"to show that Egyptians, too, have known how to fight for their country." The whole Liberation Province project is indeed dedicated to this proposition. It is designed to provide for the world in general and for Egyptians themselves in particular an unanswerable demonstration of the vitality and indomitable will of this new Free Egypt.

But what we saw now was only a "bridge-head"—a first instalment of 34,000 acres, one of the eighteen districts scheduled for the new province which should ultimately reclaim 1,200,000 acres of the Western Desert—or one-fifth of the present cultivated area of Egypt. It will contain 216 model villages and their



Irrigation engineers like Mahmoud Shetta (right) are leading the fight to add one fifth to Egypt's area of cultivated land





At a state dairy farm at Om Saber, Friesians are being crossed with smaller Egyptian cattle to produce a breed that is suited to local conditions

attendant district centres together with one and a half million inhabitants. Its capital will be called *Nassr* (Victory)—the password used by the Free Officers during the night of July 23, 1952.

Before labours so Herculean the stoutest spirit might well falter a little. But not this voluble little irrigation engineer, Mahmoud Shetta. The fanaticism of the true pioneer shone in his eyes.

"We can plant, water, level thirty acres every day," he cried, gesticulating at the canals. "And when the High Dam is finished we will do one hundred acres a day. . . . See, the vegetables, lorries of them, are going away every day to the markets in Cairo. Omar Shaheen here will be finished in a few weeks."

An American with us murmured his scepticism.

"Ah, you won't believe! But you will see. You will see. Come back in two months! Come back in two weeks! I should take from you a paper that you will come back and see. . . ."

LIKE the other engineers and agriculturists and the army of five thousand labourers and craftsmen, Mahmoud Shetta was living a camp existence, separated from his family. In two years, when the district's central town, Badra, was built, the government would provide houses for the province's technicians. Until then, Shetta was content to wait. He was, he said, doing the work of which he had always dreamed. He was making the desert flourish. He was building the New Egypt.

"We have patience," he said cheerfully as the jeep flew alongside the irrigation canal. "We shall live a long time. Mohammed said: 'Work as if you would live for ever; pray as if you would die tomorrow.'"

And already the crops were growing in the sand; already the advance guard of the province's pioneer settlers was moving in. At Omar Shaheen we knocked at a red door at the end of a row of low, standard houses of desert-made grey brick. It was opened by a lean young man in a grey tunic shirt. He invited us inside.

Like the other settlers, Abdul Fattah had found his land ready planted and his house furnished down to the pots and pans on the kitchen shelves when he arrived. For this was to be a clean break from the old life; a brand new start. There was a chintz-covered sofa against the living-room wall; flowers in a vase on a table covered with patterned oilcloth; there

was a double bed in one room and an iron two-decker bunk for the children in another; there was electric light, a flush lavatory and a shower. Cooking was by paraffin—electric cookers were promised for later.

Abdul Fattah invited us to be seated on his chintz sofa to admire the two pictures—provided like the rest by the province planners—on the wall. One was a photographic study of the Pyramids; the other of the Citadel in Cairo.

Abdul Fattah came from the village of Bein el-Arab in Menoufia province on the western edge of the Delta. Menoufia is the most overcrowded province in Egypt: the average area of

land per head works out at just over one square yard. So when, in Bein el-Arab, the appeal for pioneers for the new province was made, more than a thousand applied. But it wasn't so easy: only 350 were chosen. The men had to be between twenty-four and thirty, married, but with no more than two children (to fit the two-tier bunk). They had to have done their National Service. Each family had to pass a medical examination. Abdul had to sit down at a desk and take a written examination to prove his literacy and general intelligence.

But he had come through—and here he was on his chintz-covered sofa in this Brave New



Egypt has two hundred women doctors. Twenty years ago it had three: they were confined to treating children



Orphans learning carpet-making. Small-scale industry is needed to raise standards in the villages

Egypt with the crops already growing on this land which only two years before had been barren desert. For the first six months he and his family would be on probation, working the land under the agriculturists' instructions for a wage. Then, if they survived this test, Abdul Fattah would begin to pay for his house and his five acres of land by instalments, spread over the next thirty years. By comparison with his past life in Bein el-Arab he would be rich beyond his dreams.

BUT even as a peasant proprietor Abdul Fattah would continue in tutelage to the provincial authorities. He would attend classes; receive instructions on the crops to grow and how to grow and market them. At Om Saber there was already an impressive state dairy farm where Friesians were being crossed with the smaller Egyptian cattle to produce a breed suited to local conditions. The meat and milk are to be sold to the villagers to improve their nutritional standards. The atmosphere of the new province seemed likely to resemble that of a very large progressive school.

There is even a province uniform—a reformed national dress. Abdul Fattah's grey-tunic shirt and trousers, replacing the long all-enveloping *galabiyeh*, unsuited to tractor-driving, was a part of it. He opened a wardrobe and proudly displayed his wife's new red-checkered Western-style dress—the female half of the new costume. These clothes of Egypt's New Man and New Woman are being manufactured to Liberation Province mass-production orders. Abdul's smart shirt cost £1 10s.—and he was buying it, like everything else in the house, by instalments.

Mahmoud Shetta, who had been eyeing the reformed costume with admiration, could no longer contain his enthusiasm.

"A day will come when everything can be found here," he burst out. "Milk from the cattle. Leather to make our own shoes. We have factories here and weave our own cloth. Oh, this is a revolutionary project and we make a revolution here. By 1990 it will be paradise."

It is indeed a remarkable scheme: few more grandiose Utopias can have been conceived in all history. The brain behind it is that of a thirty-six year old army officer, Major Magdy Hassanein. One of the Free Officers who overthrew

the Farouk régime, a man who devoted his spare time to training the student liberation squads which went into the Canal Zone to harass the British, Magdy Hassanein is an extraordinary character, a strange but potent mixture of practical man of action and visionary. Physically he is a big, plumpish man with a quiet voice and unobtrusive manner which somehow only heightens the effect of his more Napoleonic pronouncements.

I met him one evening in Cairo soon after his return from a European trip buying machines for the new factories scheduled for Liberation Province. Our appointment was at the Province's headquarters, a tall new building in a Cairo suburb whose doorway is symbolically guarded by two stuffed desert wolves. (Magdy Hassanein shot them himself in the desert).

We sat at a long table in a room on the fourth floor. The table was strewn with plans. More plans covered the walls. They were plans of new villages. "My planners are trying to find the best forms," said Magdy Hassanein. "They have many ideas. I have everything here—agriculturists, engineers, town and village planners. It is one of the best set-ups in the world."

I asked him how the idea of Liberation Province had originated.

"I was in the desert as a soldier for eight years. I thought something could be done with the desert. I made the plan. Gamal (Nasser) was behind it. But the National Production Council and the regular ministries were against it. They said it wasn't practicable. So we had a meeting before the Council of the Revolution—myself and all my experts on one side of the room, the National Production Council on the other. Gamal asked us many questions. The meeting went on for six hours. In the end they decided for us. Gamal is a wonderful man—once he has made up his mind for a thing, he's all behind it."

AND thus, three years ago, led by Magdy Hassanein, a small military convoy had moved out of Cairo to pitch the first tents in a bleak and empty stretch of desert. "You know, it was like—what do you call them?—the Mormons in America. . . . This is the place. You know what they built. Well, it will be the same with us. . . ."

"Tonight, this very night, the Council of the Revolution is to discuss giving me another



The village centre is teaching these girls to weave a tapestry. Later it will care for them in childbirth and educate their families

£3 million. So far, we've have £2,750,000 allocated—and we've spent about £2 million."

I asked about the rigorous system of selecting the pioneer settlers for the new province.

"I want a well-built man—and a well-built woman, too. I believe in music and sports. Sixty per cent should know how to play some musical instrument. The rest we will teach, because a *fellah* who can appreciate music is more evolved, is capable of much. Thus our chemists will be fine chemists and our engineers fine engineers. We will have the best agricultural community in the world. Every house will have electricity and sanitation—and you haven't got that even in England and America. So Egypt will lead the world in civilization in the future just as she did in the past."

I raised the question of Egypt's soaring population and very limited water supplies. But Magdy Hassanein scarcely paused. "We shall use atomic energy and we shall make rain. We shall learn more about the soil. We shall discover underground water. In the Qattara Depression I shall build my power station. It will generate 300,000 kilowatts and will run on sea water admitted into the Depression. I have the plans all ready now. Egypt is 29/30ths

Continued on page 44

The witch had sent him a message: "You will die if you stay here in Quantana." Father Keogh's answer was to walk through the town . . . alone

THE JUDAS FIGURES

by AUDREY ERSKINE LINDOP

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

ALL over Quantana, people rushed out when they heard the shot. Father Keogh, priest of the small Mexican town, was in the Jefe's office. He and the policeman ran to find out what had happened. . . .

Father Keogh had rashly told the townsfolk that no evil would befall them while Vito Castillo, the bandit who dominated Quantana, was in jail—the Jefe had arrested Vito and his gang for a minor offence and they were awaiting trial. The priest had seized this chance to try to prove to the superstitious townspeople that Vito lied when he claimed to be aided by the spirit of Malo, a dead bandit.

Since then, however, the priest had received a message threatening Candalaria, Vito's former girl friend. It seemed that not all the bandit's men were locked in the jail. . . . To save her from injury, and in defiance of the Jefe's orders, Father Keogh had smuggled the girl out of the town and left her with a friend.

He was only too well aware of Vito's power. Within a few short weeks the bandit had caused one man to be murdered, driven another to suicide, and kidnapped Father Keogh's assistant, Father Lasques. In all probability the young priest, too, was now dead: though it was impossible to prove, it seemed apparent that Vito had left him stranded in the wilderness that the Indians called the Great Green Walk Of The Wandering Dead. . . .

The Jefe and Father Keogh piled into a jeep and headed for the far side of the town, where the shot had come from. Jeers and abuse were flung at the priest by the frightened people. He had been wrong again.

The victim of the shot was Candalaria. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

A Triumph For The Witch

CANDALARIA lay on her face. The doctor turned her over and examined her. The *agente* explained to the Jefe: "I could only see somebody moving. I did not know I was shooting a woman."

"You did right," the Jefe told him. "Now where was she going, this girl?"

Father Keogh was numbed into lack of feeling. His answer was almost casual. "She wasn't going anywhere. She was coming back. I took her up to Tephuango when I borrowed your car tonight."

He had noticed Coyotito's flat-bottomed canoe tied up to a bush in the bank. Candalaria had braved the quick waters of the



Father Keogh put the ring into Vito's hand. The gangster smiled. "If I may say so, you look dead already," he said

River of Small Receptions, where so many children were drowned.

The Jefe told him quietly: "I ought to arrest you for that."

Father Keogh said: "Yes, you ought."

He went down on one knee beside her. The close lamplight felt warm on his skin. The girl's name went singing backwards, tossed through the crowd like a sighing wind. "Candalaria! Candalaria! It's the little Candalaria killed."

The doctor said: "It's all right. There isn't much damage. It's quite a small wound in the hand. She's fainted, but she'll soon come round."

As he dressed the hand, Candalaria opened her eyes. They held an unfathomable blackness under the strong, white glare of the lamp. She blinked several times and made a move to sit up, but lay back again, bemused. Father Keogh

put his hand out to pillow her head. "You're not badly hurt, Candalaria. It isn't serious."

She twisted round at the sound of his voice. Very slowly she smiled. She said: "It is not that I like to steal, Father, but my fingers think before my head."

They took Candalaria home. Her parents were more put out than anxious. "Sick? But then where will she sleep? There is only one room, with five boys in it. Her mother and I are already in with the other four."

Father Keogh snapped: "Where does she usually sleep?"

"She is not often here at the night time, Father. She's a bad girl. She's always been bad."

"Small wonder," Father Keogh said, "if this is the kind of encouragement she gets to come home."

The doctor carried her into the living-room. "That is for feast days," the mother complained.

Father Keogh looked with even more resentment at the luxuries supplied by Vito. A *petate* was reluctantly fetched from upstairs and Candalaria was placed on it behind the door. The doctor gave her an injection to aid her to sleep and they left her, her dark hair a shawl round her shoulders, the bandaged hand aggressively white against the dirt of the *petate*.

The Jefe said to Father Keogh: "You have punished yourself more than I could. You've proved to them that Malo's spirit is highly efficient without Castillo's help."

"Jefe, I feel quite badly enough on account of the girl herself. I shouldn't have done it, I realize that, but it seemed so callous to expose her to risk without lifting a finger to save her. I was afraid that you wouldn't protect her enough."

The Jefe snorted. "I shouldn't have protected her at all, but I should still have done a better job than you."

"She seemed anxious to go," Father Keogh said. "I can't think what on earth made her want to come back."

"You've done Castillo a favour, Father. You've released him from jail. They're not going to think it coincidence, and no one will have the courage to talk against him now. Only one fact is going to impress them. The warning said 'Candalaria will suffer,' and Candalaria has."

"But surely even this town can recognize a perfectly ordinary accident."

This town, Father, is divided into three parts; those who are superstitious and are frightened



As the doctor examined the girl, Father Keogh knelt beside her. From the surrounding darkness came shouts: "It's the little Candalaria killed"

of Vito; those who are not superstitious and are frightened of Vito; and those who work for Vito. The last two have always had the first under their thumb. This is going to give them an extra opportunity to put on the screws. Now who's going to denounce him? The last two groups won't talk. You can look forward to seeing him on Saturday."

He left Father Keogh without saying good night. Such a discourtesy in a Mexican left Father Keogh more aware of the Jefe's displeasure than anything he had previously said.

The kerosene lamp had burned out in his room. Chela was hiding beneath her bed. She came down, candle in hand, when she heard his step. "I thought you were dead," she said. "When I heard of the shooting I thought 'There they have got him again.' That poor little Chata. It comes from so many bad sins."

Then she added, relighting the lamp: "Father, someone has been in this house. It was not long before the sound of the shooting. I was out in the kitchen stirring the pots, and someone crept in through the patio. I heard them open the door and come into this room. I ran up the stairs and got under my bed, and there I have stayed until this moment."

"Is anything missing?" Father Keogh asked. He picked up the lamp to look round the room. On his desk something captured the light. It

was Vito's big amethyst ring. Candalaria had made restitution at last.

Father Keogh stood looking down at it. "There's no need to worry, Chela. Candalaria came to the house."

"What did the wicked one take, Father?"

"Nothing. She brought something back. She must have managed to slip the *agentes* on her way into the town. She was shot trying to return to Tephuango again."

THERE was a knock at the door and Chela squeaked: "They have come for us. El Lobo is out of the jail."

"Vito is bound to stay there until he comes before the magistrate. I'll see who it is."

It was Sam Frankenson, the barman from the Hotel de la Costa, who knocked on the door. He looked strangely pale in the light of the lamp. His tie was neat and his hat sat straight. Father Keogh took several seconds before he realized that Sam was drunk. His small eyes were swollen and dull. He had a mummified composure, as if his limbs were tightly bound. He walked stiffly past Father Keogh, his heels hitting hard on the tiles. A bottle of brandy stuck out of his pocket. Father Keogh followed him in.

Sam raised his right arm slowly. His whole body turned round when he pointed at the

typewriter. He made his words over-precise. "I did it. So help me, I did it. I wrote that note. I came in here when you were out and wrote that note." He put the bottle of brandy to his mouth and swallowed more than a quarter of the contents.

Father Keogh came slowly towards him. "What note are you talking of, Sam?"

"It said: 'Candalaria would suffer,' and she did. I'm a witch."

Father Keogh pulled up a chair and sat down, forcing himself to keep calm. "You sent that warning note, Sam? But why?"

Sam came across to him pigeon-toed. "When I was a kid they said if you walk this way you got yourself beautiful legs. Why'd I send that note?" He made an effort to clear his speech. He sounded primly unfamiliar. "I'll tell you a joke. I guess it will slay you the way it slays me. We have a great sense of humour between us, Bud. I thought that note would help."

When Father Keogh was silent, Sam said: "I knew you'd laugh. I thought it would be a good thing if Malo's ghost made a threat, so that you could prove he couldn't carry it out with Castillo in clink."

Father Keogh put his hands to his eyes. "Oh, Sam!" was all he could think to say.

Sam flung the brandy bottle against the far wall. *Continued on page 36*

Battle for the cake tins

by JOHN HARMAN

Six firms are throwing scientists, psychologists and "undercover men" into their war to sell the perfect cake mixture to cautious housewives



SEVERAL weeks ago, a salesman for a cake mix firm grew excited when he called at a grocery shop in Gloucester. Lying on the counter, half-hidden by other goods, was a packet of cake mix. He had never seen one like it before. He did not know that the brand even existed.

While he bought the packet from a puzzled assistant, who could not remember why, or how, it happened to be on the counter, he behaved very casually. But the moment he left the shop he went quickly to the nearest telephone.

He told his chief, Peter Smith, the marketing director of Bird's, that he was sending him a new product, made in secret by a rival company.

When it arrived in Birmingham the next morning, scientists analysed, cooked and tasted the mix. Sales experts studied the design and quality of the wrapping.

"The packet—left in the shop accidentally by one of our rivals' men—gave us vital information," says Smith. "We knew exactly what competition we were up against."

Smith, a tough, affable New Yorker who, at thirty-six, is a pioneer of "complete" mixes—as distinct from those which need fat, or other major ingredients—believes that in the cake war a fast-moving intelligence service is essential. Six large manufacturers are battling for the housewife's baking tin.

Every week, his hundred salesmen report on competitors' activities. Orders received by suppliers of cake mix machinery, ingredients and cartons have given clues to rivals' intentions.

Last year, when Smethursts, a Unilever subsidiary, wanted to test their Puffin mixes and quietly slipped a few packets into shops in

Exeter, Northampton and Huddersfield, not only Bird's but Weston's were among the firms alert to the whisper which spread through the grocery trade. They sent men to pose as ordinary customers and buy packets for analysis.

"I pride myself that if a new mix goes into any shop I shall have a packet on my desk within twenty-four hours," says one sales manager.

In fact, the scramble to keep abreast of competitors is now so keen that most firms treat it as a joke. When about to bring out a fresh line, they suggest sending samples to rivals—"to save their bloodhounds trouble."

As many as seventy British firms make cake mixes. Mainly, their outputs are small, localized and confined to old-type brands needing fat or more than one egg. Only six companies—Bird's, Weston's, Smethursts, Latham's, Shredded Wheat, and McDougalls the millers—are making, or contemplating, a bid for national supremacy in complete mixes.

The war has become intense because the total market which these giants must split between them is no bigger than £2 million a year. However, the guarded phone conversations, anxious conferences and outward air of bland secrecy are not entirely due to the current struggle. They are preparations for the future.

The British are the world's greatest cake-eaters. Approximately 1,352 million cakes are consumed in this country annually. Fifty out of every hundred people eat cake daily; ninety eat it at least once a week.

Even in his most optimistic moments, Smith does not yet visualize a culinary revolution on the scale of that in America, where today seventy per cent of cakes come from packets. But he expects that by 1960 British housewives will be spending £11 million a year on mixes.

Costly and painstaking research is a standard precaution when venturing into the cake

Shelves of samples await test at Bird's factory. A best-selling American mix was too sticky-sweet for British palates



Peter Smith tastes cakes with employees. One firm sampled home-made cakes sent by two hundred women



Testing a bubble of dough to bursting point is part of the technical race for a prize worth millions

mix market. Weston's, the biscuit specialists, brought experts from Canada to study British cakes. Shredded Wheat, who installed machinery without everyone else knowing about it, asked for housewives' opinions before deciding on a "Mary Baker" trade mark. An artist then drew a portrait of a woman, of indeterminate age, embodying the qualities which were admired most.

To discover more about typical home-baking, Shredded Wheat invited two hundred other housewives to make their usual weekend cakes and send them, expenses paid, to the factory. After note had been taken of type, colour, weight and size, they were ranged on a long table and tasted. "It was a gastronomic ordeal," says one executive.

Smith, who is himself an experienced cook where cakes are concerned—he tries out products in his Birmingham home—admits that many of his researches, costing £3,000 and more a year, have not been flattering.

In 1948, when General Foods, an £80 million New York firm which had taken over Bird's, sent him to Britain to launch the mixes which had been developed in the States, his first task was to compare British and American tastes.

Three hundred housewives gave him the answer. They tried a brand of mix, a best-seller in America, which needed merely the addition of milk for a light, fluffy cake. The women, and their families, declared that it was too sweet, too sticky and much too highly flavoured with vanilla. They disliked the runniness of the mixture as it went into the baking tin, and mistrusted the way it puffed up inside the oven.

Five years later, when Smith introduced a complete madeira mix, it had been designed for British palates. Two thousand women had tasted samples in their homes, in canteens and stores, to vote for a level of sweetness, two

hundred shop cakes had been studied for textures and flavours, and scientists had devised a stiff mix which rose without suggesting an extravagance of baking powder.

Some firms have tried to beguile customers by giving their lines American-sounding names like Snow Cake and Devil's Food. Others have sent demonstrators on lecture tours, persuaded salesmen to wear fancy dress, and held elaborate children's parties with an emphasis on cake.

"I take the line that a woman who uses a cake mix will gain prestige," says Smith. Customers have endorsed this theme. A wife said that successful cakes had helped to repair a broken marriage, and a mother who sent her soldier son a layer sponge was proud when he wrote back: "You've learned to cook at last." In Kent, a bandmaster has written rousing marches in praise of madeira. On the whole, though, public reaction has been one of caution. Stiff resistance has come from the north—from Scotland in particular.

CUSTOMERS' ages also have influenced sales. Women over forty-five, who are traditionalists in baking, have not taken readily to complete mixes. They have frequently upset formulas by ignoring the directions and adding too many ingredients.

"We have a saying that if you want to keep a secret, print it on the direction panel, because nobody will read it," says one of Smith's colleagues. "We don't ask for skill. We ask for obedience."

The urge to add ingredients is a reason for a seeming paradox—the fact that old-type mixes are by no means defeated in the war.

"When complete mixes came out, I thought that I was finished," says Norman Stoddart, whose firm has made "Viota" mixes for nearly

fifty years. "Oddly enough, helped by the growing interest in mixes, my sales have risen."

Green's of Brighton, another firm with a long history, have had the same experience. They point out that when the price of two eggs at fivepence each is added to the tenpenny old-type mix, the total is a penny below the price of the cheapest complete mix.

The question of whether to include dried egg in a mix, or leave the housewife to add a fresh egg, has split the trade. Smith employed psychologists to study housewives' views on the subject. It was found that the average woman got satisfaction from breaking an egg into a mixing bowl, but when she tasted a finished cake she could not tell if it contained dried or fresh egg.

One problem, the solution of which may decide the battle, is the invention of cakes, flavours and icings for the day when existing brands have reached their peaks of popularity.

Smith, a former U.S. Air Force lieutenant-colonel in charge of fighter pilots, has planned his campaign as far ahead as 1958. He willingly sees inventors, but believes that new ideas in cake-making are rare.

One suggestion, for using fat in powdered form, failed in its early stages because the fat had a high melting point. When the mix was put into the oven it dried as hard as concrete. An idea for self-raising fat also seemed promising, but the blend of bicarbonate of soda and lard produced a soap-like substance.

Occasionally, customers have come forward with bright ideas for the industry. An American woman inadvertently added extra baking powder to a mix, causing it to foam out of her baking tin, down through the oven shelf and into a bowl of stew.

The maker of the mix was taken aback when she wrote to him: "Did you know that your product is wonderful for dumplings?" THE END



Fleming on a diamond hunt with a Guianan worker. On one trip, floods carried his boat away, leaving him stranded

DIAMOND FEVER • 3

Rifle in hand, I lay alone in the darkness, shuddering with fear. I was waiting for the thing that had made the noise to come out from the shadows

My night of terror on the forbidden river

by WILLIAM FLEMING



I RECOGNIZED the snake the instant it reared up in front of me—it was a bushmaster, probably the world's deadliest reptile. A few minutes earlier I had fallen full-length into the creek where we were panning for diamonds in north-west British Guiana. I towelled myself down, changed and was pulling on my boots when the snake attacked.

Dutch Bill, my fellow prospector, who had been laughing at my predicament, saw the bushmaster as soon as I did. He was leaning over our camp fire, and in one swift movement he swivelled, snatched up a stick and slashed it down, breaking the snake's back. My whole body prickled with sweat. Dutch Bill grinned: "That reminds me of the time when I—" he began.

"Never mind about it now," I interrupted

him, "it couldn't have been a closer shave than that."

Dutch Bill was good company, an asset I had learned to appreciate in my years as a diamond prospector in British Guiana; I had gone to the country as a young man before the war; later, not even a spell in a German prisoner of war camp could cure my diamond fever. As soon as I was demobilized, I had come back to the jungle to make the fortune that had so far eluded me. This was my fourth postwar trip, and the paysite Dutch Bill and I had found on the Meamu River seemed promising; the gravel from the creekbed which we washed through our sluice then sieved was producing some good diamonds. We found gold, too.

By the end of our first week's work, we had twenty-nine diamonds and an ounce of fine flour gold; we needed more stores and I went down to the shops to take on rice and salted fish and meat, as well as an extra supply of quicksilver for our gold-panning. My spending inevitably attracted attention and speculation among the

Falls above the Mazaruni. In this region Fleming lived alone for nearly four years

bar-propping diggers and I was asked point-blank where we were working. Everyone knew we were on the Meamu, and that much I admitted, but no more. One digger offered to buy me a drink, but I stood a round instead and, in reply to questions, said the pay we had found wasn't much to shout about.

The constant stalling was proving rather an embarrassment and the storekeeper helped me out by switching the subject.

"Hear about our tiger?" he asked casually. Then he explained that a jaguar had been raiding the post for some weeks and to date had plundered three sheep, two goats and twelve dogs. One night it had prowled right into a rest house and snatched a dog from under its owner's hammock; two days before my arrival it had taken another dog from its hiding place under the counter of one of the stores. The little East Indian shop-boy, lying in his hammock over the counter, was so terrified that he had picked up his meagre belongings and gone straight back to the Coast.

I was less worried by the jaguar than by the possibility that I would be followed by claim-jumpers on my return. The storekeeper gave me a cup of hot cocoa before I turned in, and tried to wheedle more information about what Dutch Bill and I had found on this latest trip. I told him I was very tired, and walked round to the darkened bungalow. Inside, I was feeling for my matches when I heard a rustling sound. I took a step and heard it again, louder this time. As the match flared and my eyes grew accustomed to the light, I saw the biggest snake I have ever set eyes on, its skin rough-gauged and diamond-patterned, its head fearsome.

I darted for the door, got my shotgun from the storekeeper with whom I had left it for servicing, and with him behind me shining an electric torch, I kicked open the door. The snake had shifted its position hardly at all and, alarmed by the sudden shock of light, poised abruptly showing its lighter coloured underbelly. I fired and hit. When I was certain the snake was dead, I moved closer. It was at least nine feet long; just behind it, in the join of wall and floor, was a hole wide enough for it to have slipped through. I put on a show of urbanity, but when the storekeeper had gone I flashed the torch round every nook and cranny in the room. There were no more snakes.

When I left the shops next day, I felt sure I was being followed, but as I turned up the Meamu there was no one in sight. Bill had seen no claim-jumpers around, either. I told him about the marauding jaguar and he constantly referred to the beast so that when, a few weeks later, it came his turn to visit the shops, he was keen to be away in order to show his prowess as a hunter. I wasn't looking forward to a few days alone on the pay, and when he suggested I should join him and have a weekend off, I readily agreed. We had been doing well, averaging sixteen stones a week and an ounce of gold which was then worth £8. . . .

THE jaguar had paid more visits to the shops. In mid-afternoon during our second day at Apaikwa, Bill and I were strolling near the edge of the trading post clearing when we heard a pig's squeals and saw one of the small farmers who worked the area running to the noise. "The tiger!" he shouted. It had killed one of his pigs and, disturbed in its meal, had slunk into the bush.

Back at the shop, Dutch Bill loaded his gun and we hurried to the scene of the killing. Bill parked himself in the shade of a tree. I stayed awhile with him, then went on to the shop. Some four hours later, when darkness had fallen, I was having a drink with a group of diggers and we heard Bill's gun go off. Everybody at the landing made for the spot.

When I arrived, excited Creoles were dragging the dead jaguar across the dusty earth towards

the nearest shop, and Bill explained that he was dozing when he sensed that it had returned. He had killed it with his first shot. It was an ageing beast with badly worn claws and teeth.

Two of the Creoles carved into it, slicing off pieces of meat which they handed to others now forming a queue for their portions.

Soon, the jaguar steaks were cooking in the boiling pots. I looked on with disgust as the Creoles, notoriously poor hunters who usually eat such easy prey as monkeys, tucked in. . . .

WE had not been back at our creek for more than a few hours when we heard high-pitched voices and saw three diggers coming along the creekside. They overdid their performance a bit, feigning a lack of interest in our work which made me suspicious. I was also wondering how they had managed to find us, for I was certain that we had not been followed. Bill suggested that they had come up the Meamu until they had spotted a tributary from which muddy water was eddying as a result of our sluicing. Surprisingly, we saw no more of them, and I wondered if I had been over hasty in labelling them as claim-jumpers.

For three more weeks we worked without disturbance—and the job was getting more difficult as the creek dried up in the heat. When I hinted that we might get in a real holiday down on the Coast—we had been doing so well that my bank account had never been healthier—Dutch Bill was all for it. On our last day's work before we set out, Bill turned up a real beauty of a diamond—a gorgeous, perfectly shaped stone weighing about four carats, and the discovery almost persuaded us to postpone the holiday.

Next morning, however, we tidied the site, sealed up our equipment in a tarpaulin store lashed tight with bushropes, and set off. We sold a few diamonds at Apaikwa, and disposed of the four-carat gem in Georgetown for £165—nothing like what it would have fetched in Britain. I arranged to meet Bill in one of the bars in town, and returned to my digs for a bath.

There was mail from home giving news about the family, and a letter from Louise, the American girl I was hoping to marry as soon as I had made my fortune. She explained that she had married someone else, but would continue to send me American magazines if I wanted them. The news took the edge off the success of the expedition for me.

Dutch Bill and I made our way round the night clubs; we talked, sang and kept on drinking, and the future began to look rosy again. Our holiday lasted for a couple of weeks, then we set off back to the Mazaruni.

As soon as our camp came in view, I sensed that there was something wrong. The depot that we had lashed down so carefully under its tarpaulin was wrecked. I knew that there had been a severe thunderstorm in the region during our absence, but my mind was already filled with thoughts of the claim-jumpers who help to make diamond hunting such a hazardous business.

Coming closer, we could distinguish all the signs of someone's hurried departure: the camp we had left so shipshape was now untidy, with spades and sieves in the open, and partly eaten food and cigarette butts littering the clearing. We moored the boat and nosed around, inspecting the pits we had left. Dutch Bill signalled in resignation from across the mounds of gravel. "How do we find the 'jumpers'?" he shouted. "They disappear."

I remembered the party of Creoles who had paddled past the camp a few weeks earlier, and tried desperately to recall their faces, but none came clearly to mind.

"They've probably had the best of it," I told Dutch Bill. I was all for getting out and finding another pay, but Bill was equally determined to work this one to the end. We got a fire going, put on some meat stew, and tidied up the place. Next day, we raised a few



A storekeeper values Fleming's gems. After twenty years of fortune hunting, the author came home recently with only £5 to his name



A Mazaruni trading post. Diggers stay here to rest from jungle prospecting; jaguars hunt nearby, often terrorizing local people

ONLY FAMEL EASED HER NIGHTLY COUGHING



SAYS MRS. E. STUBBS
8 ORCHARD GREEN,
BECCLES, SUFFOLK.

"I am writing to say how grateful I am to your product 'Famel Syrup'. My little girl suffered from a 'Weather Cough'. I used to dread the damp weather coming; nothing seemed to ease the nightly coughing till I gave her Famel Syrup. I told my mother, who has attacks of Bronchitis. She only said

today how wonderful it was not to cough at night and to be able to breathe freely. So thank you very much."

Only Famel got results for Mrs. Stubbs and her family. She knows that Famel is very much more than 'just another cough mixture'. Famel can help you, just as surely and quickly.

Powerful 3-way help for your COUGH

- ★ **FAST RELIEF** Famel quickly soothes away the soreness and irritation giving relief from the misery of persistent coughing and ensuring sound sleep at night.
- ★ **DEEP PENETRATION** Famel not only soothes the throat—its healing properties go much deeper. Famel acts through the blood stream, reaching deep down to the lungs, and helping your system fight infection from within. Famel gets to the root of your cough.
- ★ **NEW STRENGTH** Sound sleep, and Famel's tonic properties, build up your resistance and bring new strength for a speedy recovery.

Get FAMEL for that COUGH

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY 2/6 3/9 7/4

diamonds, nearly all small industrials, and the days that followed were equally unrewarding. Frustrated by the raid and the thin pickings we appeared to be left with, we began to needle each other. It was all too much even for Bill's cheery disposition.

For two weeks we kept up this unhappy relationship and then, coming in from the gravel pits one evening, we had a real row. I wanted to open a tin of high-grade salmon for our evening meal, but Bill insisted that we keep it for a special occasion.

In the morning we breakfasted separately. Neither of us was prepared to open conversation, and after he had eaten and washed his mess tin at the creek side, Bill moved off in the direction of the pits, but suddenly half-turned and shouted: "I've had enough of this partnership. This is the end." I didn't reply, and a few moments later joined him at the pits in silence.

We had been working the sluice methodically for about an hour without a word passing between us when I saw a fair-sized stone in the sieve. I called Bill to come over, and at the sight of it he slapped me on the shoulder and said: "Fine! It's a good one." The tension between us was ended.

We worked the site for another two months before turning it in and, after selling our stones and the flour gold we had caught in the quicksilver riffles of the lower sieve, we found we had cleared just over £400. In Georgetown we parted amicably; all in all it hadn't been a bad expedition.

Shortly after this, I joined up with a prospector named Bobby Young, who was an expert canoeist with the reputation of being able to navigate even the fiercest rapids in that trickiest of all small craft, the Indian woodskin canoe.

We had decided to try the region around the foot of the Otterwylie Falls high up the Mazaruni River, and I quickly saw that Bobby's reputation was not exaggerated. We were travelling light and it would have been easy enough to tow the craft through the fiercer rapids. Bobby, however, insisted on our getting through without leaving the boat.

When we came on one especially tricky reach, boulder-strewn and with a tearing current, he kept head-on into it with such frightening purpose that I suggested that we might get out and pull. He shrugged it off, and we were into the race. The boat lurched right and left, and there were moments when

to explore the mysterious river above the Otterwylie Falls, well beyond our island. I questioned prospectors and government officials about the area. No one knew anything and one civil servant said it was suicidal to try the region. It was impossible to get a boat up the Falls, and beyond them was unexplored country.

Even the Indians who were known to have settlements in the savannah country higher up never came through the Otterwylie to visit the trading posts; they skirted the forbidden river by hundreds of miles.

The more I thought of the difficulties, the more it seemed to me that the Otterwylie might hold the really rich diamond deposits. There was one apparently unsurmountable snag in my plans: it was now April—of 1948—and the rainy season would soon be in. I resigned myself to a secondary plan—to return to the island from which Bobby and I had been flooded out.

Between spells of working it before the rains came, I would scout the Otterwylie approaches more thoroughly. In the wet season, I could work a terrace-claim I had long before staked in the hills above the river and out of reach of the floods.

ON the island I built myself a small leaf camp, staking ten-foot poles into the earth and lashing others with bush-vines to give me a roof frame on which I tied palm leaves, folded and thonged.

Diamonds came up only intermittently, and the weather showed signs of breaking earlier than usual; I could hear peals of thunder in the distance.

It was a Thursday night towards the end of April when I awoke to find the camp flooded. There had been no rain to speak of, yet the river was in spate and rising minute by minute. I scrambled a few possessions together and threw them into the boat.

The onrush of water was terrifying, and in my haste I forgot my gun, which was slung high on one of the hut poles. Flailing my arms for balance in the waist-deep water, I retrieved it; as I made my way back, the current swung the boat under the hut roof. The bushvine tethering it was drawn taut round one of the hut poles, which looked about to collapse.

I began to panic as I found that I could not get into the boat; it tipped alarmingly each time I attempted to roll aboard; finally I had to hold on to one of the poles and lever myself over the boat's side, drawing it towards me with my foot. My calf muscle was at straining point. The water was so high that, finally sitting in the boat, I had to be careful to avoid striking my head on the roof.

In a short time I would be squeezed against it; yet to let go of the hut pole might mean being swept into the raging stream. I would have to aim for the jutting spit to the right of my camp and there grab one of the trailing bushvines and haul myself and the boat on to higher ground.

This I managed to do with less difficulty than I had imagined, though at one moment it did look as if the fierce current would carry me out of arm's reach of the bushvines.

Next morning, in broad daylight, I set out for the shops, where I rested for two days before making for my wet-season workplace on the hill terrace. It meant being alone in the densest and most inhospitable part of the bush in a permanent semi-twilight with only the sound of raindrops from a million leaves for company.

My terrace claims filled me with pessimism; at best, they would give me a small income while I waited for the weather to abate for my trip beyond the Otterwylie Falls.

I dumped my gear in a clearing I had previously used, gulped down several mouthfuls of rum, and set up a tarpaulin shelter.

The effect of carrying even my small amount of gear along the slippery, treacherous trail and of working in the pouring wet left me tired. The rain was pelting furiously as I towelled myself down under the shelter. I rested for a couple of hours and then went down to bring up the rest of my

WOMEN—I

I have no use for women who want the world to be run by women. I could not think of anything more ghastly.

Mrs. Pandit

it was swirled at right-angles to the stream. I was ready for a ducking, but Bobby righted the craft with a series of deft paddle strokes.

By early evening we came on a river canyon thickly curtained with bush, and for a camp we chose a sand-fringed island. After the meal, I was walking round its perimeter when I found carbons a few yards from the water's edge.

Kneeling, I examined them closer and hailed Bobby. We scratched among the surface gravel. One section of the beach seemed particularly rich and we began working it next day.

For two weeks it yielded well, but we were often digging in torrential storms when the clouds were down to treetop level and lightning scorched over the bush. The river was rising fast and in the filthy water were huge trees, drowned pigs and other flotsam.

A massive greenheart tree, wrenched down, now lay trapped between two river boulders. The beach became submerged, and we decided to get out. I left Bobby at one of the trading posts and went back to the Coast.

The run had left me full of curiosity



"Mrs. Tewson! How nice to see one of the old faces again"

equipment from the boat. I reached the river and found that my craft had disappeared.

My misgivings about the trip had changed now almost to black despair; to get down to the shops on foot would take days, but I preferred this unpleasant journey to a stay in which I would worry continually about whether my rations would hold out.

In the morning, I packed some food, loaded my rifle, and went along the river bank towards the shops. At least I would be unlikely to come across jaguars or snakes: they would be in the higher country in this weather.

I had been going for about two hours when, through the screen of trees at the riverside, I caught sight of my boat wedged between two rocks five feet from the bank. Miraculously, it was upright and my gear was still aboard. I paddled it back to my landing point below the camp and by mid-afternoon was sufficiently well organized to begin diamond work.

ABOUT three weeks later, I was surprised to hear someone calling out my name and, looking up, saw three men coming up the trail from the riverside—two Indians with a British prospector I had met some years earlier when he had been in on one of the greatest diamond strikes in the history of British Guiana.

"I wondered if it was you," he said, as if he were coming on a friend in a village street back in Britain. He was puffing from the climb and when he had caught his breath he asked after my fortune; I explained that I was only picking up industrials.

It seemed that he had gone through the money from that rich strike years before, and now regretted it.

"Too much spreeing, old boy. You know how it is." We discussed current rumours of fortunes won and lost and then he came to the point. "I've been taking blows lately," he said. "Any chance of a couple of pits to catch my hand?"

As I was sorely in need of company I readily agreed to his working part of my claim. He soon showed signs of impatience, however, and when I remarked one morning that our paraffin

was running low, he jumped at the chance to go down to the shops. He had been hitting the rum bottle pretty hard, and no doubt the bars held their attractions.

He said he would be back in about four days, and at my suggestion agreed to leave his two Indians behind at the shops. I gave him some diamonds to pay for the stores, an act of confidence that looked misplaced when he had not shown up after a week's absence.

On the tenth day—I had to keep a fire constantly blazing to discourage prowlers, as my paraffin supplies for the storm lamps had run out—a Portuguese-Indian came breathlessly up the trail carrying a heavy pack.

"Baas," he said. "Your friend will not come back." He paused: "He die. He is putting rations on boat when his heart stops."

The bearer had brought up enough supplies to last me a month, but when, a few days after he had gone, I found two two-carat diamonds which alone would cover the costs of the trip, I decided to have done with the punishing wet season work and make for the Coast.

On the way, I found three Carib Indians near the trading shops. It was unusual to see them in this part of the country, and my interest quickened when I learned that they were looking for purpleheart trees with which to build woodskin canoes.

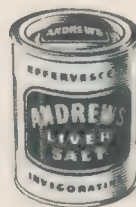
Agreeable men, short and stocky with pudding-bowl haircuts and low, straight fringes coming halfway down their foreheads, they seemed puzzled when I asked if they would be prepared to come with me to the foot of the Otterwyllie Falls and there build me two canoes—one below the Falls, one above.

The request was hardly premeditated; the idea and the approach came at once. When they realized what I was driving at, and I had made it clear that I would finance their purchases at the shops in return for their help, they nodded excitedly.

It was the brightest stroke of luck I had had in a long time. Until this moment, the communications snag preventing my reaching the area above the Falls was insoluble. This way, I



A glass of **Andrews** in the morning makes you feel *Fine!*



STANDARD SIZE 1/10d • FAMILY SIZE 2/10d

THE IMPORTANCE OF INNER CLEANLINESS

Sparkling Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

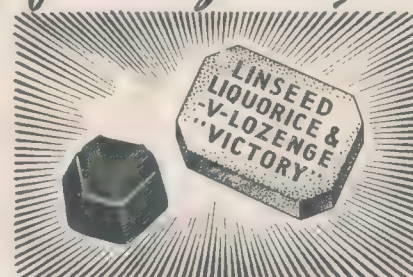
Effervescent Andrews is antacid; soothes your stomach; corrects digestive upsets; tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

Pleasant-tasting Andrews gently clears the system, thus promoting inner cleanliness.

ON COLD MORNINGS, some people prefer to take the chill off their Andrews with a dash of hot water.

Victory-V

GUMS & LOZENGES
for cold journeys



The sweet with the inner glow

FRYER & CO. (NELSON) LTD. NELSON, LANCs

CORNS

REMOVED WITH
CASTOR OIL

Say good-bye to clumsy Corn pads and risky razors—A new liquid NOXACORN ends pain in 60 Seconds. Dries up Callouses and Corns, roots and all; Saves untold misery: Contains pure Castor Oil, Iodine and pain-relieving Benzocaine.

Here is unsolicited testimony:—

- ★ "IT HAS DONE WONDERS TO MY FOOT."
- ★ "AFTER TRYING NOXACORN—CORNS HAVE GONE."
- ★ "SINCE USING NOXACORN... I HAVE NEVER BEEN TROUBLED."

(The originals of above may be seen on request).
Noxacorn is obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylor and all Chemists.

Price 1/11 including Purchase Tax

NOXACORN

"Crazy or not, I intended to try"

says

DAVID
TOMLINSON



DAVID TOMLINSON, starring in the Conqueror Films production "All for Mary," chooses Basildon Bond

"Despite a bad stammer," says Mr. Tomlinson, "I wanted very much to go on the stage. I wrote to my father asking him whether, assuming that I could cure my stammer, I would be mad to try. His reply was not encouraging."

"Somehow, putting my thoughts on paper only served to make me more determined than ever. I cured my stammer—more or less!—and from then on I have never for a moment doubted what I wanted to do."

That letter was the turning point for David Tomlinson. It set him on the road

If I can cure my stammer would you think it crazy of me to try and earn my living on the stage as an actor?
David

to fame and success as one of our leading light-comedy actors. How important letters can be, and how important that they should always create a good impression.

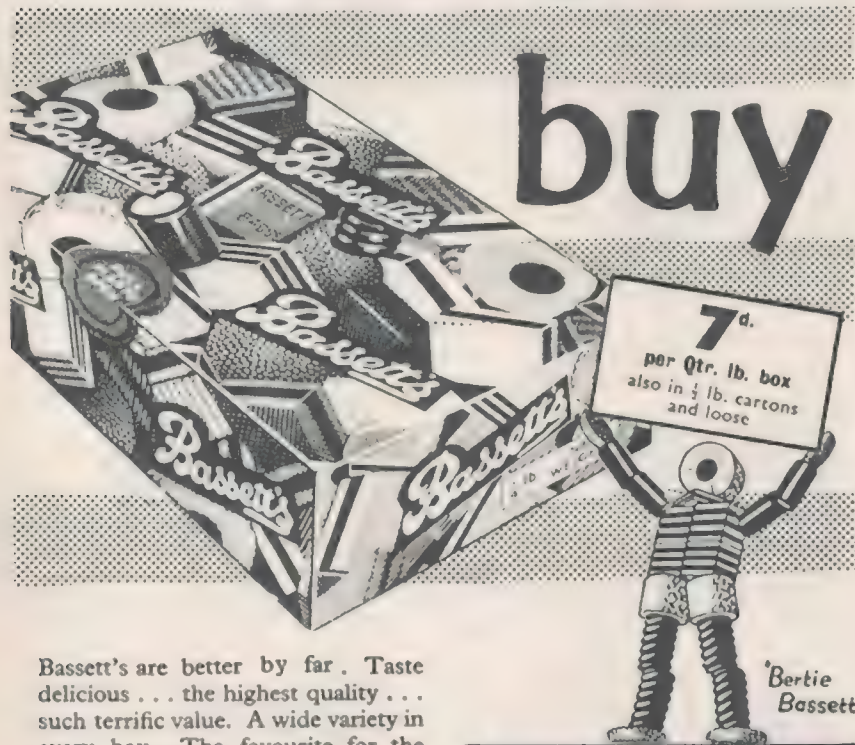
Mr. Tomlinson prefers to write his letters on Basildon Bond. "Its crisp surface," he says, "always makes my letters look their best." Your letters will look their best, too, if you choose Basildon Bond. Buy some today.

Basildon Bond

CHOSEN BY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

A John Dickinson Product

Better buy



Bassett's are better by far. Taste delicious . . . the highest quality . . . such terrific value. A wide variety in every box. The favourite for the whole family.

Bassett's

LIQUORICE
ALLSORTS

could use the topside boat for my exploration, descend the adjacent escarpment on foot and return to civilization in the lower boat—rich beyond belief.

I laid in ammunition and extra medical stores which the Caribs distributed between their three woodskins. With me in one boat was a Carib and one of the mangy dogs they had with them. The men, whom I came to name Eeny, Meeny and Miney, wore only bikini-sized loincloths and their faces were decorated with horizontal stripes in blue dye.

They were armed with bows and arrows and eight-foot blowpipes with curare-tipped darts, and when we stopped for breaks I was amazed at their skill in shooting fish.

They were high-spirited and good company. Even the heavy, chilling showers that saturated us didn't disturb their morale and the only positive discomfort I felt, apart from the incessant rain, came from the fact that the mangy dog insisted on rubbing itself against my legs.

The Caribs' rivercraft enabled us to go twice the distance I would have covered in the time. On our second morning out we had our first glimpse of the Otterwylie escarpment that we would have to climb. It was only a temporary view, for the river wound and narrowed so much that we would be engulfed for a few minutes, and then find ourselves at the foot of a spectacular mountain range that dwarfed the surrounding bush.

The view from the mouth of the Otterwylie was a wall of mauves and browns split with white streamers which were the watercourses running off the ridge. An hour later, we made camp below the foot of the Falls.

Next morning, while the Caribs searched for purpleheart trees for my woodskins, I climbed up the escarpment, cleaving the matted bush with my machete. The thunder of the Falls was muffled, and when I headed towards it near the ridge summit, I found that the Otterwylie River seemed to split into two streams: over one, a vivid rainbow had settled; the other stretched westwards towards the Venezuelan border.

I cleared a possible campsite near the junction of the streams and made my way back down to the Caribs.

They already had bark enough for several boats, and one woodskin was beginning to take shape. The Caribs had beaten the slice of bark into the shape of a curling leaf, open at each end, and lashed it with bushvines. They were now bracing it inside with lengths of wood.

They were quick workers and by the end of the second day had not only built my two woodskins—one above and one below the Falls—but had also nearly finished constructing a leaf camp on the site I had cleared.

THE time came for the three of them to leave and I went with them as far as the foot of the Falls—I wanted to check up on my escape craft moored there. If anything happened to it, I might never get away.

It was safe enough, and as the Caribs waved their paddles in farewell, I started back to the new camp, trying to overcome my sense of being abandoned. It would be several days before my second canoe had cured sufficiently to be usable. Meanwhile twelve hours of darkness lay ahead; in my hammock, sleep was hard to come by, and I had forebodings about the area I was to prospect.

Were there, as the natives said, strange, unknown creatures there? I dismissed these nightmare thoughts and concentrated on diamonds. Perhaps I would stumble on what geologists had declared to be non-existent in British Guiana—a diamond pipe like those in South Africa.

Suddenly there was a movement on the fringe of my campsite. I shuddered, grasped my rifle and waited for the thing that had made the noise to show itself. Then I realized that it was a small animal, and a moment later one of the Caribs' mangy dogs was with me.

It was underfed and its back raw

with bush sores and tick bites: it seemed in need of a brandy. "Come on, Brandy," I called, but it ignored me and fell asleep by the fire.

In the morning I awoke to find it scavenging round the site. It was bleeding from the bite of a vampire bat. After that I persuaded it to sleep under my hammock.

Several mornings later I rose at dawn to prepare for my first prospection. I swung an arm over the hammock side, expecting the dog to lick my hand. There was nothing there—only a pool of blood thinning into a trail that led into the trees.

Evidently a jaguar, with all the silent marauding powers of its kind, had carried off Brandy without even disturbing me; in the muddy camp fringes, I found unmistakable jaguar pad-marks.

I loaded my prospecting pan, shovel, spade, rifle and matchet into the boat. I decided that if I did come across worthwhile indications, I would return to the shops, re-equip, and then start the actual diamond digging at the onset of the dry season. I tried the right-forking river first, but after three weeks without success I switched to the other stream, where the work was easier because of the shallower gravels.

I came on a narrow stream spilling into the main river, and there I found both gold and diamonds in my prospecting pan—enough gold dust to

WOMEN—2

Woman would be more charming if one could fall into her arms without falling into her hands.

Ambrose Bierce

cover a thumbnail and two fairly good gem stones, the larger being the size of a red currant and worth, I reckoned, about £35.

All around, the diamond indications were exceptional; the place was littered with carbons. I marked the spot by chipping the bark of two adjoining mora trees and made back for camp to dry out.

My next move was clear; with one site already marked, I would now check the river generally, travelling as far along it as I could in a single day, with an eye to the number of possible diamond-bearing creeks.

By afternoon I came to a tremendous swamp area where the giant jungle trees gave way to a forest of palms. I had gone some way when I realized I had lost the run of the river, and in trying an about-turn with the canoe, I capsized it. Fortunately, the water was only about four feet deep and I managed to pull the righted but sodden canoe towards a mat of palm roots.

Water had got into my compass case and the instrument no longer worked. I hadn't a clue about direction, so I sought some higher and drier ground where I could light a fire and dry out.

The soakings from rain and immersion had left the canoe grotesquely misshapen, and the open bow and stern were flat on the water. It could no longer take my weight.

After a worrying night over a smouldering fire, I checked the compass again: it was functioning—though, I suspected, not accurately—and with the sound of the Falls as a further rough guide, I floundered in the direction of the camp, wading yard by yard towing the canoe behind me.

I had made about a quarter of a mile when I came on solid ground and there I beached the canoe, dug through the carpet of stinking vegetation and scooped up a shovelful of clay.

I rammed chunks of it tightly into each end of the boat and wondered whether the weight would sink the craft. It floated and I lowered myself gently into it. Paddling with extreme caution, I found the river and reached



Weetabix and Hot Milk for Winter Warmth and Energy

Give them a good hot breakfast on a cold morning. Send the family off fortified with creamed Weetabix*. Made in a flash, creamed Weetabix is so nutritious. And, Mother —no messy saucepans to wash up!

* Crumble two or more Weetabix biscuits straight into a bowl, pour on steaming hot milk and stir thoroughly.



creamed
Weetabix
piping hot!

FREE SAMPLE AND RECIPE LEAFLET

To Mrs. Marjorie Crisp, Department 3.S., Weetabix Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton Latimer, Nr. Kettering, Northants. Please send me Sample Packet of Weetabix and a copy of "Hey Presto!"—Helen Burke's latest Weetabix recipe leaflet. Post coupon in an unsealed 1½d. stamped envelope.

NAME
ADDRESS
TOWN COUNTY



You must try WEETABIX PERFECT FLOUR.
The special process flour that makes such wonderful cakes.

ADVENTURES IN COOKING



First course—a wonderful soup from BATCHELORS



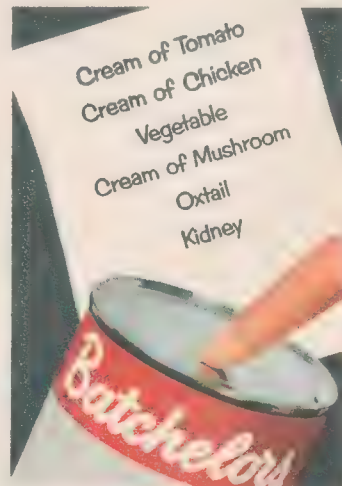
Add Batchelors Cream of Tomato Soup to the menu, and you make an everyday meal something special. But be sure you buy *Batchelors* Cream of Tomato — no other soup is so smooth, so creamy, so delightfully flavoured. Try it once and you'll never want to settle for anything less. So make a note now to start your next dinner with *Batchelors* Cream of Tomato.

Main course—a fine fish dish from BRITTANY

LIMANDES A LA BRETONNE 4 small lemon soles of 6-8 oz. each; seasoned flour; about 3 oz. butter; 1 small onion coarsely grated; 1 level tablespoon capers; 2 oz. peeled shrimps; 1 heaped teaspoon chopped Parsley; juice of a ½ lemon.

Wipe fish with damp cloth then coat evenly with seasoned flour. Fry in melted butter until cooked and golden brown on each side. Drain, arrange on serving dish and keep hot. Add onion to butter remaining in pan and cook gently for 3 to 4 minutes. Add capers, shrimps, parsley and lemon juice, heat, then pour over fish and serve. Enough for four.

Cream of Tomato
Cream of Chicken
Vegetable
Cream of Mushroom
Oxtail
Kidney



Ask for **Batchelors**

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

the perfect start to better meals



Through blinding snow, the driver steers the ambulance. Beside him the 12-day-old baby lies safe in Nurse's arms. Perilous 50-mile journeys are just one of the hazards this District Nurse has to face in winter. "But I keep well on Bovril," she says. "It's so stimulating."

She took 12-day-old baby 50 miles through blizzard



To a sick woman the District Nurse brings help and comfort. She has faced wind, rain, dangerous roads. But a hot drink will be waiting. "I recommend Bovril to all my patients," she says.



Baby plays happily with mother. Last winter's worries are almost forgotten. "But I'll always remember how good Bovril was when I was ill," says his mother.

'Bovril helps me beat the winter,'
says this District Nurse* (S.R.N., S.C.M.)

She is a District Nurse in Sutherland. And whatever the weather, she has patients to see. Often she struggles through snow, rain or icy winds to visit them. "But I keep well on Bovril," she says. "I use it constantly because I find it so stimulating."

Ice-bound roads

Last January blizzards isolated many parts of Northern Scotland. On one of the worst days Nurse had to get a 12-day-old baby to Raigmore Hospital—over 50 miles away. All through the perilous journey she nursed the sick child. Snow blanketed the windscreens. The tyres slipped on the ice-bound roads. But they got through.

When the baby was safe, the District Nurse went back to her patients. Among them was the baby's mother. "While she lay in bed with 'flu," says Nurse, "the only drink she cared for was Bovril." Baby and mother are well again, thanks to this dedicated District Nurse. "And," says the mother, "we mean to stay well this winter—on Bovril."

* For ethical and private reasons this District Nurse prefers not to disclose her identity.

BOVRIL
puts beef into you

Just pour it out!



the ready shredded **BEEF SUET**

camp with the canoe just on the point of sinking.

It was time to get back down the Falls. I felt that my discovery was safe from interlopers and that meanwhile I could put in some work on the island in the Meamu which I had been twice forced by the weather to abandon.

I got out of the Otterwyllie without trouble; back at my island I was astonished to find that some of the lemon pips I had scattered around during my previous occupation had now sprouted into small trees. The waters were reasonably low and the gravel more accessible. On the first day, I got eleven diamonds, and when I tried another part of the island the yield was equally encouraging.

I was convinced that the entire area, about forty yards square, was riddled with gems. With the onset of the dry season, I decided to stay: there was always the possibility that if I abandoned the island someone else would work it out, whereas nobody was likely to find my Otterwyllie paysite.

THROUGHOUT 1949, wet and dry seasons included, I had the island to myself, leaving it only for an occasional rum session down at the shops.

Solitude, far from worrying me, now seemed an ideal existence. I had found a peace of mind I had never known before; but, physically, as I came to realize clearly when it was almost too late, I was rotting.

I tired easily and had frequent bouts of biliousness; the pills and medicines I picked up from the shops didn't seem much good, either, and as the artificial, rollicking gaiety of the trading posts now got on my nerves, I cut my visits still further.

It was early in 1952 that I knew I was seriously ill. I was listless, tight in the chest, and was running a high temperature. I had fried some fish in cottonseed oil, and had poured back the grease into a tin container for future use when I was violently sick. A fierce abdominal pain hit me and I doubled up.

After a rest, I found enough appetite to eat some bully beef and gulp down a mug of hot coffee. The rain fell steadily. For three days I lay low trying to throw off the sickness; then a fierce thunderstorm broke over the bush and, in the perpetual twilight, I saw the river encroaching on my island.

How I got out I shall never know. They told me later that a bunch of Creoles drinking in the doorway of one of the shops at Apaikwa saw my wood-skin being tossed down the fast-flowing river, and that they helped me out. My skin was yellow, my body stunted and filthy; my weight had fallen to below eight stone.

I was flown out to Georgetown where, in my cartridge case, they found 127 diamonds, none more than half a carat in weight. On Christmas Eve, 1952, after three and a half unrelieved years in the jungle, I was carried into the Sisters of Mercy Hospital, Georgetown. My face was like an old man's and I was suffering from jaundice, dysentery, hookworm from a foot bite, and bush ulcers.

After several weeks' treatment, I was advised to return to Britain. I reached Plymouth in March, 1953, and after paying all my expenses, including the passage money, I had less than £5 left. It was just twenty-two years since I had first gone after a diamond fortune.

Then I had to go back into hospital. It took until January, 1954, before I was discharged.

I did not possess even one rough diamond to show to inquirers, and every time I saw a woman in the street flashing a gem on her engagement ring. I longed to be back up the cruel rivers of British Guiana.

My friends regarded this as a suicidal notion, but I was never more sure that I could beat the diamond country next time, and dig up a fortune on that island in the Meamu, or in the Courantyne region, or beside that terrifyingly hazardous river above the Otterwyllie Falls. Early in August, 1955, I set out for British Guiana to try again.

THE END

Winter Journey

Continued from page 12

lorry. The tailboard was down. The cattle had been got out, but two had been killed in the crash. Their bodies were blown up, and this told John they had been dead at least a day.

They pushed Jock's car around and he shot away homewards. They were alone now, and before them was open moorland. The wind was bitter, and the furies of snow tore away their breath.

"Mary," John said, "we should have stayed in Knockdale. It's over a mile to East Mains, and these drifts look bad. I'll tread out a path—you come in behind me and cry out if you need me."

"Is there danger, Mr. Summers?"

"Yes and no, Mary. We'll not lose our way, but it'll be hard going and we mustn't stop. If I stop, keep me going, and don't waste breath speaking."

They started off. The girl close behind John, and his sturdy bulk was a shelter for her from the tearing gale. The going was terribly hard, tread, tread, all the time. The gale-driven snow beat into their faces, their breath came in sobs, and at times it seemed impossible to go forward.

John battled on, occasionally turning to make sure that the girl was still behind. When a deep drift lay before them, he shortened his step and beat down a track.

"How are you doing, Mary?"

"I'm fine—it's easy behind you."

"We're just about the East Mains now. Another mile and a half to Auchnahowe. Can you do it?"

"If you can—I'll follow, Mr. Summers. It's you that's doing the work."

The mile and a half into Auchnahowe seemed like twenty but at last they gained the lee of the houses and knew the exquisite pleasure of gasping for breath without the tearing wind hitting their throats. It was a long while before either of them spoke, and then Mary said: "We've come so far. I'd like to go on—I've only a mile now."

John knew they ought to stay in Auchnahowe, but he nodded, and after they had rested a while they pressed on, through the partially sheltered village street and out into the open to meet the full fury of the wind again. The road seemed fairly clear but it

WOMEN—3

She may have got us out of Eden, but as a compensation she makes the earth very pleasant.

John Oliver Hobbes

went a long and devious way round to Mary's place. John decided to strike across the fields. But though the snow in the fields lay smooth and even, it was deep, and soon he was wading up to his thighs.

It would be best to go back, to keep to the road. But he would not. An iron determination had taken hold of him, forcing him forward, giving him strength. Twice he had to stop and plough his way back through the broken snow to help Mary. The second time her body was shuddering and she began to sob.

"Should we go back, Mr. Summers? I can't stand much more of this."

He put an arm round her, shielding her as best he could, and urged her ahead along the path he had made.

"As easy to go forwards as back now, lassie," he shouted above the wind. "It's no' but a few yards more."

They came to the end of the rough track he had broken. Virgin snow lay ahead. They floundered into it, clinging to each other. John's breath was roaring in his chest. He felt light-headed and his legs were made of



"You're a long time with that page. How about turning over?"

rubber, but somehow he kept going. They got out of the fields at last and on to the road. By this time he was half-carrying Mary. He staggered on in sobbing desperation.

They reached Mary's cottage. John pounded urgently on the door. Mary leaned weakly against the wall. "Thank God!" she said faintly. "Thank God we're here!"

John swayed and put a hand to the doorframe to steady himself.

"Mr. Summers, you mustna' go any farther," Mary gasped out. "You must bide here the night."

John stared at the door but did not answer. The door opened. He was vaguely conscious of Mary's mother standing there against the warm, bright light. Then he gave Mary a little push towards the door and turned away towards Wester Howben.

"No!" Mary cried out. "Mr. Summers, come back! Please come back!"

But the howling wind swept her voice away and, as she watched, his plodding form vanished in a mist of scudding snow. . . .

"Go on! Go on!" A small voice, some part of himself, seemed to whisper the words monotonously inside his head. He knew nothing now, understood nothing but this obsession to get back—back to his own home, his own fireside. He had lost all sense of time. Nothing was real save this inner compulsion and the forcing of one foot before the other against a wall of wind.

Oh, God, how tired he was! His breath wouldn't come, his legs wouldn't lift from the snow, his heart was bursting. His eyes were closing, his lashes knit together with ice.

He was staggering on, barely conscious, when pain suddenly seared his face. He threw his arms out in front of him, his frozen fingers clawing for support. He had run full tilt into some obstacle, and it was a moment or two before he realized that he was clawing at one of the oatstacks in his own farmyard.

He began to laugh weakly. There was straw in his hands, dry, golden straw, bonny oats that he had stacked in the autumn sunshine. He knelt against the stack, pulling out the straw, rolling it in his frozen hands, burying his face in it.

He pulled himself up and, like a dog, he rubbed along the side of the stack. From the end of it he could see the lights of the kitchen across the yard. He went across to the house at a stumbling, drunken rush.

The family was in the kitchen. The children were drawing at the big, scrubbed deal table. Margaret was darning beside the fire in the massive old range. She started up when he blundered in through the door. The children stared, round-eyed. The collie on the hearth leaped to her feet growling, until she saw who it was, then

began wagging her tail in a frenzy of delight.

"John!" Margaret exclaimed. "Whatever's happened to you, man?"

She helped him to the fire. He stood with his back to the blaze, plastered with snow, water beginning to stream from him to the floor. There was blood on his grey, exhausted face where the oat-stalks had scratched him.

MARGARET was bustling about. She swung the big black kettle over the fire and shooed the children out of the room. "Out of here, you bairns, while your father gets his clothes off," she told them. She unbuttoned John's coat and stripped it off.

He could feel the warmth of the fire. He was thawing. His hands were an agony, but his brain was clear. He seemed to have awakened from a nightmare.

He said, "I couldn't let you know I was coming. The lines were down. You're all right here?"

"We're fine," she said. She put a warm, dry towel in his hands and went out to get his pyjamas and his thick winter dressing-gown.

He stood holding the towel in his hands. He felt slightly foolish. Everything was all right. The children and Margaret—capable, wonderful Margaret—were well and safe and snug. And the farm didn't need him. He knew in a sudden moment of revelation just what it was that had brought him back all the way from London and through the storm. It was not his farm or his family's need for him. It was his need for them.

Margaret came back and he said lamely, apologetically, "I walked from Knockdale. I had to get home, Margaret, in spite of the weather."

Margaret's answering smile was gentle and warm with understanding, and suddenly he was opening his heart to her and the words poured out. "I tried to enjoy London but it was all so different. A great lonely place, an unreal sort of place without warmth or heart for a man like myself. I told myself I'd come back because you might be needing me, but the truth is, lass, that I couldna' bide another day away from this place and from you."

"Aye," she said softly, and what he had told her was plainly no surprise to her. "You were away long enough down there in London. Now let's get the rest of those things off you."

She undressed him and rubbed him vigorously down, like a child. When he was dressed in his clean pyjamas and warm dressing-gown, he sat down in his chair by the fire.

"Tea won't be long," Margaret said. "The kettle's just on the boil."

He lay back in his chair and closed his eyes. After a while he sighed. It was a sigh of sheer contentment. The tea had to wait, because a minute later he was asleep.

THE END

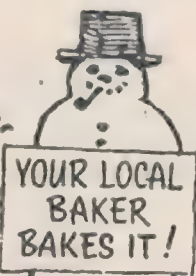


This is the life!

When families are full of go and laughter, there's often more to their energy and rosy cheeks than meets the eye: there's Hovis on the table every day.

Why Hovis?

For its flavour and because Hovis is rich in wheatgerm, the heart of the wheat.



Hovis families—and their appetites—keep growing, so give a regular order for Hovis to your baker.

...and Hovis is the slice of life

—have some every day

"For a close shave, Alec, try 'Philishave' Rotary Action"

says Raymond Glendenning



A recent shot of Raymond Glendenning dining with Alec Bedser

"Take my tip, Alec. I've tried all kinds of shaving methods — and, definitely, for a really close shave in comfort the 'Philishave' wins every time."

"But what's all this about Rotary Action?"

"That's how the 'Philishave' works. That's why it's so different from other dry shavers. Instead of just snipping at the hairs, the blades rotate — so they get all hairs whichever way they grow."

"But do they get them really close?"

"Right down at skin-level. The rim of the shaving head is slightly raised and, as you hold it to your face, your skin is gently stretched. That brings the hairs up so the blades can do their job. They get hairs of any length, too!"

"What? Even handlebars?"

"Ah! That's something I haven't tried — yet!"



£7.14.2
(tax paid) with case
FOR AC & DC MAINS
110-130 & 200-250 v.

PHILIPS

PHILISHAVE

THE DRY SHAVER WITH THE BIGGEST WORLD SALE

PHILIPS ELECTRICAL LTD • CENTURY HOUSE • SHAFESBURY AVENUE • LONDON • WC2 (P5611A)

IT'S IRON PUTS THE SPARKLE IN YOUR EYES

When you find you're losing energy and vitality and get tired very easily, try those tiny little Iron-Ox tablets. Ten to one you aren't getting enough iron. It's Iron that makes red blood and gives you energy and vigour. Without enough Iron your blood simply cannot secure the proper nourishment from the food you eat.

But it must be the right sort of iron—activated iron, non-constipating easily absorbed and easily assimilated through its copper and manganese. That's IRON-OX. Iron-Ox does not injure even children's teeth, make them black or upset the stomach, but it makes a wonderful difference to your health and spirits in a very few days. Iron-Ox Tablets are simple and pleasant to take, and are simply chock-full of goodness. Get a packet of Iron-Ox Super Tonic Tablets from your chemist TO-DAY Only 1/8d. Less than a penny farthing a day.—(ADVT.)

What Hospitals prescribe for Indigestion

Writing recently on the subject of indigestion, a famous doctor stated "Of the thousands of gallons of medicine handed out . . . at ——— Hospital, the record is still held by Haust. Gent. cum Rheo Alk (Alk. being Sodium Bicarbonate)".

In other words, an alkaline prescription based on Sodium Bicarbonate is still widely favoured by the medical profession. And that is why millions of stomach sufferers all over the world—in 45 different countries—rely on 'Bismag'. In 'Bismag', superfine Sodium Bicarbonate is combined with Bismuth and Magnesium compounds to ensure quicker, surer relief in cases of indigestion, flatulence, heartburn etc. Insist on the tried and trusted prescription. Ask your chemist for 'Bismag'—75 tablets 1/9d.



The Judas Figures

Continued from page 25

end of the wall. "Now see what I did—I killed you. I came off the wagon. I broke my pact. I never thought of it till now."

He came forward and clutched Father Keogh's lapels. He forced him to stand up, and clung to them. His face creased like a frightened child's. "I killed you, Bud, I killed you." He fell forward against Father Keogh and sobbed. "My God, I broke my pact."

Father Keogh forced him away and supported him. "God is not Shylock, Sam. He's not likely to claim a pound of flesh in return for a bottle of brandy."

Sam was soothed for a moment, then suddenly howled. Father Keogh stepped backwards, wincing at the noise.

"He's gonna die, the priest's gonna die," Sam shouted, then turned round and reeled out of the house.

Father Keogh attempted to follow him, but Sam was soon lost in the darkness, staggering up the street. His bellowing cries roused the entire town. "Jefe! Jefe! The priest's gonna die." His shouts gathered strength in the night.

In the morning Chela found Father Keogh asleep fully dressed on the old horsehair sofa. He had been unable to find the energy to take himself to bed.

In the morning there was also a message from the witch. "You will die if you stay in Quantana."

"That's our girl," the Jefe said, "always the first with the news. Not that anyone could have missed it with that idiot screaming his head off last night. I arrested him. He's sleeping it off in a cell."

"Where did you pick him up?" asked Father Keogh.

"In the bandstand, bawling his lungs out."

"May I see Vito Castillo?"

"Certainly, Father, if you promise not to smuggle him out to Tephuango."

It was ice-cool in Vito's cell. The sunlight stayed outside. The stone-framed window was one foot thick. Vito stood up when the priest was shown in. Father Keogh put the ring into his hand, and Vito said: "You're not a holy ghost, I hope, Father. From the racket I heard going on last night, I thought you were breathing your last. If I may say so, you look dead already."

Vito polished up the ring on his

sleeve, and laughed. "That girl! You shouldn't have bothered with her, Father—I could have told you that. You'll never make her improve herself. What a strange way your God works! Such pointless interference in people's affairs. I gather she need not have been injured at all."

"How did you hear that?"

"Señor Frankenson's noisy conscience kept the whole jail from sleeping last night."

"It might be more accurate to say: 'What a strange way God's children work!' It was I who took her to Tephuango, and Sam who wrote the note. It was pointless interference on our part."

Vito lounged easily against the cell wall.

"Do you know what has happened to me, Father? I have come to believe in Malo's spirit. It is really too much of a coincidence, the way these things come true."

Father Keogh answered him: "It's not always been coincidence, has it? It was you who had Victorino killed, you who drove Anastacio to suicide; and I fear that you have murdered Father Lasques."

Vito held up his hand to examine his ring. "You would have a hard job in proving those things, Father," he said.

"Don't you think it possible that someone might prove them for me? Can you rely on the people who know not to talk?"

"How could anyone tell what has never happened?"

"Even you must fail to comfort yourself with that," Father Keogh was sitting on the small wooden stool. He leaned forward to tell Vito gently: "There's a possibility that you might have to face a lifetime in prison. You're young now, but twenty years makes a difference to feelings, not only figures and faces. If you had nothing to comfort you during that time, what sort of man would you be when you came out? You'd be middle-aged, and you'd have nothing to live for except the hope of a hopeless revenge." He paused, and then went on: "You offered me your protection once, do you remember?"

"You refused to accept it."

"The price was too high. But now I am offering you protection, not against coldly planned murder and tyranny but against wasteful bitterness and despair, and against the possibility of destroying yourself so that even a regained freedom could offer you nothing."

"Ah," Vito said, "you are offering me your God. Well, don't you think

we'd better see first if I receive this unlikely sentence? It wouldn't do to worry him too soon. You must understand, Father, that we expect to be with you again by Saturday. I am able to pay any fines."

"Aren't you ever troubled by the spirit of Malo yourself?"

"Now don't tell me you believe it. That's not good for the man of the faith."

"Men of the faith believe in spirits, although not in the same way as you. They are more often referred to as souls."

"That's right. You have preached that he was penitent. You think that he's in purgatory trying to work himself up to a halo." Vito's amusement was genuine. "Really, Father, one ought to pity you, you cannot be sane. Do you truly believe that you could make a man of Anacleto's kind sorry for his sins?"

"No, I don't believe I could, and I don't think I did, but I believe that you and the Jeep and Porfirio did." Father Keogh ignored Vito's laugh. "I think that possibly he was sorry for committing the sins when he was dying, because he saw the cause that would live on in people like you. I think he might well have despised you. That could have made him despise himself. He might have seen very clearly that what he had taught you to stand for could not even be true to itself in the end."

Vito's mouth closed and his eyes became hard. "You mean that you think we deserted him, Father?" he said.

"Is that what I mean? You'd know more than I would. I admit that I'm groping. It's simply a feeling I have. I've another one, too, which I cannot explain—I think you'll receive that sentence, Vito, and I think Malo will give it to you."

The Jefe called out as Father Keogh passed the office: "Castillo's guests are sticking to their stories, but that hospital speech still sounds rehearsed. It could just be that that alibi was fixed."

Father Keogh went off to ask after

WOMEN—4

I expect that woman will be the last thing civilized by man.

George Meredith

Candalaria. She answered the door herself. The room was filled with flowers and fruits. Quantana, which had crossed its streets to avoid the girl before, had loaded her with gifts.

She was dancing about with her news.

"Father, the doctor has told me something. There will always be a slowness in these fingers." She held up the bandaged hand.

Father Keogh tried to console her.

"The damage isn't permanent," he said. "You'll regain the use of them in time. You'll find you'll be able to type."

"Oh, yes—for the typing they'll be all right. But they must work much faster than that for the stealings. They will never be quick enough for that again, and this was the hand I used most." She asked him with her eyes wide: "Do you think it was Our Lord's work, Father? I do not think I could have put an end to the stealings myself."

Father Keogh answered: "Yes, Candalaria, I think it was. I think it may have been His way of helping you because you were not able to help yourself."

A crowd followed him all the way home. It was angry and murmuring threats. "It is true he will die if he won't leave Quantana, but how many will go with him if he won't leave us in peace?"

At the door of his house he turned to address them. "Remember what I

told you on the plaza. Tomorrow is the day on which our Blessed Lord died. He gave His life for you to save His world from sin. At ten o'clock on Saturday morning I shall ring the church bell. When you hear its toll, you will have only another two hours in which to save this town from sin. Vito Castillo comes before the magistrate at noon. After that he will be free again. Your future is in your own hands. . . ."

On Good Friday he fasted. He found in himself a spiritual paralysis, as if suddenly there had been withdrawn from him the power to concentrate in prayer.

He was aware that he lost it in striving for it; aware that to bring into himself the voice of God he should not be straining human ears. The voice of God to be heard was a state in itself, not a state which the mind could achieve.

He felt himself bitterly unable to reach even the lower approaches of the longed-for elusive state. Doubt made its cowardly attack upon him.

Supposing he had not, after all, been able to induce in Malo a desire to repent? There had been no one but himself to help Malo, no one to struggle against him for the redemption of himself.

If he had not been convincing, if his words had lacked weight, if his truths had not seemed strong enough, then he, as the spokesman for them, must have been lacking in strength. If he had let this man go to his grave in his sins, there could be no self-forgiveness for Father Keogh.

He used every concentrative power of which he was capable to try to force his memory to relieve him of doubt. But it took him so far and no farther. It played cruelly and tortuously with him. It hovered as a name can hang on the tip of a tongue, almost present, yet totally absent. It could shoot pain through newly inflicted wounds. It could fade the sight from his darkening eyes once more. It could relive the moment of dying—Malo lay oddly straight before him on the floor. He could recall saying the act of contrition, he could hear his own voice begging Malo to follow his words. But he could never hear Malo's voice.

His body, though physically weak, was too strong for him. He was conscious of every ache and pain. His mind, darting and unrestrained, sped after a dozen earthly things. He felt powerless to pursue it.

It played on the question of whether there had or had not been a veiling of Vito's eyes at the mention of Father Lasques. It probed the possibilities of the Jefe's being right in his suspicion that the banquet alibi might be false. It dwelt on the brightness of Candalaria's eyes when she told him she could no longer steal. It doubted whether anyone in Quantana would have the courage to give evidence against Vito Castillo.

And again and again his thoughts escaped him to the dimness of the Great Green Walk Of The Wandering Dead. Unable to pray for himself, he prayed that a brother priest might never feel the agony of knowing himself out of touch with God. . . .

In the Green Walk Of The Wandering Dead a brother priest suffered none of these hardships.

In the moments when the fever slackened, Father Lasques could pray as he had never been able to pray before. It seemed as if the prayers were all that could live in him.

They rose from his bone-thin body as if they and not it were the framework that kept his flesh alive. But in between, he lay—his brain burning—talking aloud to the trees tangled so tightly above his head that even the wind could not free the dark, clinging leaves.

The forest had made of Father Lasques a creature unlike himself. It seemed as if it had magnified his every fault of feature. In the over-long face the cheek bones protruded and the lips had shrunk back in a permanent smile. The hard suffering of the blistered eyes made a cruel contrast with the steady grin. With a dark growth of beard, he



HOW SMART WOMEN KEEP THEIR HEELS SMART

They ask their shoe repairer to fit RIMFORTS—the neatest, strongest built-in heel protectors yet made. Bonded with best leather, they stop that down-at-heel appearance, help you to walk properly—and save that constant every-other-week repair bill. With RIMFORTS, heels last three times as long—often longer. There is a size and shape to suit every shoe and there are RIMFORTS for men and children too.



Ask for RIMFORTS
next time—by name

F. D. WARD LTD · HIGHAM FERRERS · NORTHANTS

'SUPAVITE'

presents

Vitamins

plus

Trace-Element Minerals

YES! Now in two capsules you can obtain from your chemist seven essential Vitamins and five essential trace-element minerals—together.

At last it has been done! Seven vitamins and five trace-element minerals capsuled together in new 'Supavite', to bring you a great advance in supplementary nutrition. Trace-element minerals—iron,

manganese, copper, zinc and iodine are, like vitamins, key elements of food. Science has discovered that with the complementary Trace-Elements, vitamins can yield even greater benefit than hitherto.

Now this tremendous plus in aids to natural health is yours for the asking in

NEW SUPAVITE VITAMIN CAPSULES

with Essential Trace-Element Minerals

30 CAPSULES (15 days' supply) 5/- • FAMILY PACK (120 capsules) 16/3

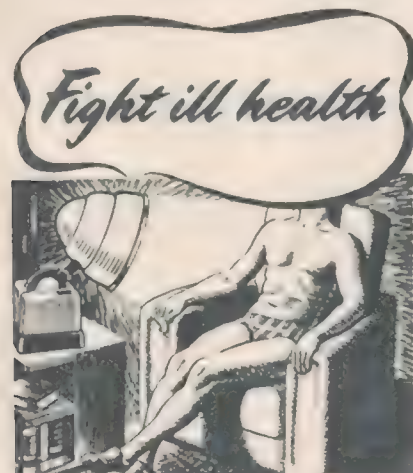
NOW ALSO AVAILABLE—One month's supply (60 capsules) for 9/-

sore
throat?



Famel PASTILLES

The medicated pastille — from chemists only
1/10d. per tin



Are you among the three million sufferers from rheumatism in this country? Or the near-million with psoriasis? Or the uncounted thousands, prey to a general debility, the result of any one of a dozen causes? If so, why not join the ranks of those who are successfully fighting ill-health in their own homes with a Hanovia ultra-violet or infra-red lamp? Ask your doctor—he knows Hanovia Lamps. Send for the free, interesting and informative booklet "Sunshine Means Life."

Hanovia
SLOUGH . BUCKS

Please send free colour booklet
"Sunshine Means Life"

Name..... 226

Address

TGA P80

looked a stranger to God and to faith. He might have been a criminal crawling his way to an ill-gotten freedom.

He had long since lost the power to support his own weight on his limbs. He dragged his full length across the ground. Blood had dried on his face and his hands into a pattern of criss-cross stars. Where the undergrowth had scourged him and clawed him afresh, the new blood flowed to lodge in them.

His suit was a collection of rags which somehow still clung to his back and his limbs. His last hunk of bread was a moving and reddish brown mass. He could conceal it nowhere about his person to protect it from the ants. It was the torture of the ants which forbade him to rest.

Whether he lay in the pains of the fever or whether his brain was temporarily cleared, even when he prayed, he could not clasp his hands. He fought with them continually to fend off the merciless regiments. They were nearly an inch in length and they bit with strong, pincer jaws.

When his mind was calm he prayed for strength to crawl within reach of Quantana again, even if it meant only that his dead body could bear a silent witness. In his diary he had scratched out a note. In spite of the struggle he had to form the letters it was a neat little note that took up half a page. It read: "Vito and Pablo responsible for my death. Medicine undoubtedly poisoned."

THEY had carried him into the forest. He seemed to have suffered interminable agonies as he hung over Pablo's back.

They had taken his breviary, his hat, his handkerchief and his glove from him and dropped them at intervals from Malo's grave to the edge of the forest. Then they had retraced their steps to the road.

They were ten miles farther on when they entered the Great Green Walk again.

Big Pablo had showed no signs of tiredness, but Father Lasques had been faint from the flow of blood to the head when they set him at last on his feet.

At first he believed they were digging his grave, but it was only his suitcase they buried, with the bottles of medicine inside. They had given him water and bread, and they had given him a choice. "We could shoot you immediately, Father, or we could leave you to find your way back," Vito said. "One is a clean and a quick way to die, the other—well, how long would the water last? How far could you get on that bread?"

"These priests can live on their faith," Pablo laughed.

"How long will that last in a place of this kind? No one has ever come out of it, Father, who has not marked his way."

"It's his own fault if he chooses the forest."

As soon as he had chosen it, a stinging agony seemed to seize the whole of his head. They had thrown pepper into his eyes. They had turned him round, spinning his shoulders between them until he crashed giddily on to his back.

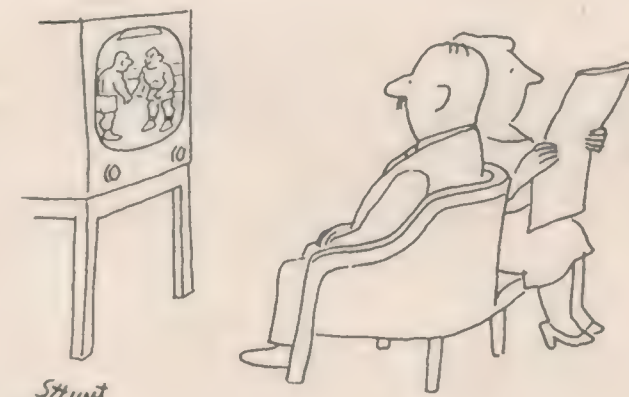
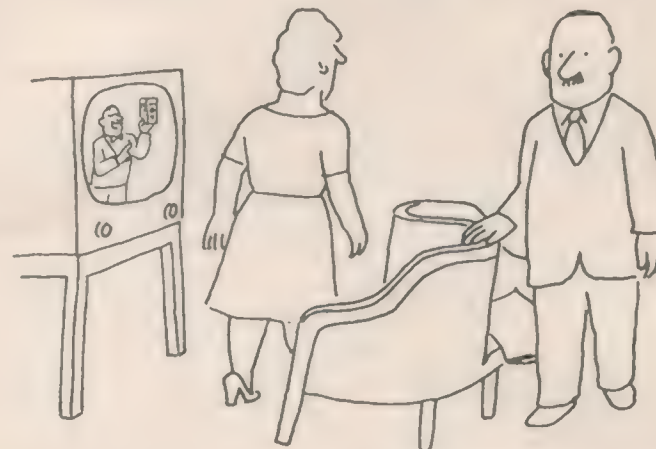
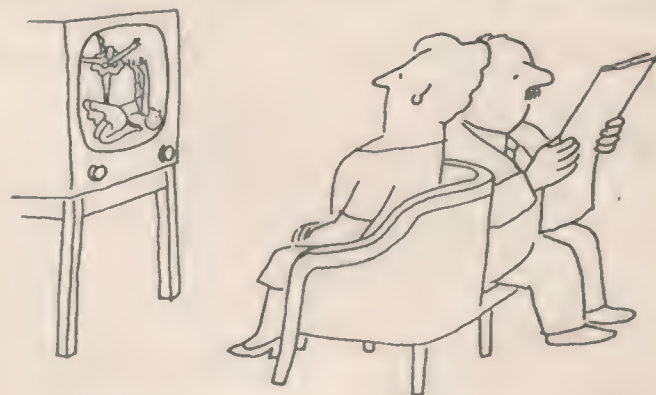
He wandered blindly for hour after hour and it was late on the following day before he could see again. By that time he was lost.

The forest seemed a twittering grave. He travelled a circle for nearly two days. Of the rations that Vito and Pablo had given him to lengthen his torture, only the one hunk of bread was left. There was nothing inside the water jar.

When the fever set in, he called loudly to keep his purpose in mind, "Keogh—Quantana—Keogh."

Sometimes the face of Vito seemed right between his eyes, but it was only a trick of the shadows. Sometimes Pablo's great bellowing laugh broke out, but it was only the raucous call of a night bird. Sometimes the lights of the bus that had sped off to leave him with the bandits were only the palely inquisitive moon.

Once he believed he saw lantern lights and once he thought someone



Stunt

had called out his name. He called back, straining his lungs and his stomach, but it was impossible to make his voice heard.

He couldn't tell night from day, did not know if the sun had really blackened or whether he himself had lost consciousness. But when the fever pitch dipped into milder attacks, he tried to make use of his sense of direction. He worked out that Quantana must lie to the north, and he struggled to keep a straight course.

He was forced to make detours in search of water. He came once or twice upon bog-like ground and scooped up sufficient moisture to ease his swollen lips.

Once he discovered a group of small boulders surrounding a stale pool that was left from the rains. It was thick with mosquito spawn, but he drank from it avidly, filled up his flagon and forced himself on.

It was on the morning of Good Friday that he feared Vito was right. No one could leave the forest who had not marked his way. . . .

IT was on the afternoon of Good Friday that the deputation called upon Father Keogh: Mateo, Alejo the goat boy, Coyotito and Roberto Of The Bus. They spoke on behalf of the town and assured him repeatedly that their words were not representative of their own sentiments. Nevertheless, they spoke strongly enough.

"This poor little Candalaria's very near death was not at the hands of the

Señor Castillo," Mateo said. "People think that you are the one that is taking good luck from this town. Some say the Bad One's spirit arranged it. These warnings have always been right before—Victorino and then poor Father Lasques. These things don't come about by themselves."

"They certainly don't," Father Keogh agreed. "It's easy enough to prophesy death if you're willing to murder to prove it. And that's what Castillo has done."

"These people would like you to go, Father, before something else comes about. There would perhaps be a priest who would not mind Vito so much, who would just marry and baptize and bury and nice things like that, which Vito has said he would not wish to stop. It is better for all sakes to leave him in peace. If he's not troubled, then no one gets hurt."

Coyotito stepped forward. "Father, I could show you a way round the mountain to pick up the bus out of sight."

Roberto said: "There are many who want you to go, Father, because you've a place in their hearts. It's well known that you, too, had a warning to say that you would not live."

Father Keogh looked at them steadily.

He said: "In the morning of Sabado de Gloria I shall celebrate mass in the church. Those who have faith will join me at ten o'clock when I ring the bell. After mass I shall then walk right the way round the town so

New! **EXCITING! PACKED WITH IDEAS!**
HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN
SUPERB FURNITURE

AT A FRACTION OF SHOP PRICES!



The fascinating full colour
FURNI-KIT BOOK
FREE!

NO SKILL NEEDED—
PARTS CLICK TOGETHER

Assemble your own furniture and save pounds on shop prices! No skill is needed with wonderful Furni-Kit... a child can do it! Furni-Kit is a complete outfit of expertly jointed and satin-smooth parts—made from SOLID Oak, Walnut, or Mahogany and ready to fit together with hand-in-glove ease. We supply everything you need—everything... we've even made the screw-holes for you! You can choose what you like—from a luxury Needlework Cabinet to a big modern Kitchen Cabinet—and there's a thrilling range of traditional and contemporary designs. Easy terms if you wish. The Furni-Kit Plan is sweeping the country—100 per cent Satisfaction—or No Charge. It's fascinating! It's easy! And what wonderful value you get!

POST NOW!

(Write if you prefer not to cut page)

To FURNI-KIT (Dept. JB/2)

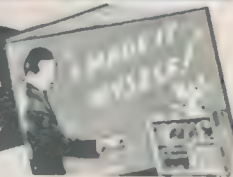
29 WRIGHT'S LANE, KENSINGTON, W.8

Yes... I want to know more. Please send me the FREE Furni-Kit Book

NAME

ADDRESS

GET YOUR COPY TODAY



LOOK WHAT YOU CAN EASILY MAKE.

Needlework, Bedside and Kitchen Cabinets • Bookcases (sliding door and other styles) • T/V and Occasional Tables
Nursery and Bath-room Furniture
Rocking Horses
Record Cabinets
Rugs (aspeedy new method) etc. etc.



HURRY!

Post Coupon at once for FREE copy of the full-colour Furni-Kit Book. Real photos dimensions, etc. Prices will astonish you!

Inspiring and candid series!



"I learn as I go"

EVELYN HOME

reveals her own personal story

Friend and adviser to millions of women—the most widely read of all marriage counsellors—Evelyn Home now opens her heart to you. This is her own story of trials and temptations, of how she learned to tackle human problems at first hand. In the telling, she brings new purpose, strength and courage to every moment of living.

The first absorbing article "The Secret I Never Told" will find its way unerringly to the heart of every woman who has ever loved.

—and more happy, helpful contents in store this issue!

- **BRIDE'S COOKERY COURSE:** First of Ruth Morgan's step-by-step lessons for beginners!
- **FOUR FRESH ANGLES ON FASHION:** For your holiday... Fashion in furs... The Better Sweater... How to choose patterns to flatter—with six Simplicity Patterns to send for.
- **MONEYMAKERS:** No. 1 Bright idea for earning money at home!
- **HIGH FASHION KNITTING:** Patterns for two prettiest-ever sweaters.
- **Meet Ruby Murray in WOMAN'S "Celebrity Cookery" series** and enjoy three complete stories and your serial as well.



72 PAGES

Woman

OUT THURSDAY, JAN. 19—4½d.

BY-PASS TO SLIMNESS!

DANGEROUS CURVES

Don't just wait until your figure's on the road to ruin. The time to tackle ugly, bulging curves is now! And there's no need to take the uphill way of dieting or daily dozens when a RALLIE SELF-MASSAGE BELT can trim and slim your silhouette the easy, pleasant way! The RALLIE BELT provides a completely safe, home-slimming treatment which is practical for men and women of all ages. Just five minutes every day with the Rallie does wonders for your figure. The gentle stretch-and-relax movements tone up lazy muscles, massage away surplus fat, and make you fit and full of energy. Soon you'll be feeling and looking younger than you've done for years! Put the brake on middle-age spread right away by sending for our 22-page free, illustrated booklet, **FIGURE FITNESS.**

RALLIE HEALTH APPLIANCES LTD.
(DEPT. 132V), 314 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

Don't let this happen to you!

A chimney fire can be dangerous as well as expensive. Fix that broken grate now with

Purimachos
PLASTIC FIRE CEMENT

in the 'Blue and White Tin'

1 lb. 1/6, 2 lb. 2/6, 4 lb. 4/6

Stocked by ironmongers

PURIMACHOS LTD., ST. PHILIPS, BRISTOL, 2

LADIES' 15 JEWEL LEVER COCKTAIL WATCH

Yours for 5/- Deposit

Modern Square Dial with optician. Beautifully finished "May-gold" front (gold appearance). stainless steel back. Titled and adjusted, fitted double silk cord. £7/2/6 cash or 6/- dep. Bal. 8 monthly payments of 18/6. Also in polished Chrome £6/10/6 or 6/- dep. Bal. 8 monthly payments of 17/6, deposit refunded if not approved.

GUARANTEED 17 JEWEL SWISS PIN LEVER WATCH

Yours for 7/6 Deposit

Exclusive design. Flat Gent's Model dependable Anti-Magnetic Movement. Accurately timed and adjusted. Bold Dial with Raised Gold Alternate Figures. Deep Seconds Hand. Brilliant "Allons" Front. Equal in appearance to gold, and stainless steel back. Fitted with Leather Strap. 12 Months' Warranty. Cash. £8/12/6, or 7/6 dep. for 7-Day Free Approval. Balance by 8 monthly payments of 18/7. Coloured Illustrated Watch Lists Free. (Over 100 Models for your selection.) (Dept. J.B.15.)

J.A. DAVIS & SON LTD
94 DENMARK HILL, LONDON, S.E.5

Sweeten
your Breath!
Chew



Chew Wrigley's
"clean-tasting" gum
Lively flavour freshens taste
-helps keep your teeth clean

WRIGLEY'S

QUALITY OVER THE YEARS

Healthful · Refreshing · Delicious

EP40/55

O.K. sauce



fruits and spice
and all things nice

No wonder O.K. Sauce has such an appetising flavour—it's made with everything that's good. Sun-ripe tomatoes, dates, raisins, oranges, lemons, mangoes, and special spices—they all go into O.K.—the grown-up sauce that kiddies love. At your grocers, 1/- and 1/6d. a bottle.

Britains best!

GEORGE MASON & CO. LTD., CHELSEA WORKS, LONDON, S.W.

**EXPANSION
WATCH BRACELETS
WITHOUT CENTRE-CLASP**

Fixoflex
PAT. NO. 657,353

for Men and Women

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK WHEN BUYING



MADE IN ROLLED GOLD OR STAINLESS STEEL THROUGHOUT. OBTAINABLE FROM ALL JEWELLERS AND WATCHMAKERS.



Don't cough—you needn't if you suck a Zube and soothe the irritation. Zubes penetrate deep: get right to the seat of the cough. And Zubes are as pleasant tasting as sweets.

Get deep, quick acting Zubes in tins for 9½d. or 1/6d. and keep them handy always.

**HOARSE?
Go suck a
ZUBE**



The Enchanted Clarinet

Continued from page 19

eat in peace," the *signora* answered. Mamma Amboli snatched the bottle of Hospice de Beaune Burgundy. "Poo, you Corsican! And this I was going to waste on a frog like you."

"You dare to call me a frog?" yelled Signor Stravini.

"No," said Mamma Amboli. "I have changed my mind. You are a caterpillar."

In such circumstances, how should a gentleman act before a lady? "The wine was sour, the clarinet was off key, and the pizza is doubtless too full of garlic," said Signor Stravini. He wrapped his fur-collared coat about him and departed.

AND so it was that Papa Amboli came from the kitchen, bearing a pizza. He looked for his guest. His eyebrows rose.

"The worm said that my Giovanni's playing is off key," muttered Mamma Amboli. "Consequently, I asked him to leave."

"Oh," said Papa Amboli. He eyed the wine-stained and empty table. He regarded the bottle Mamma Amboli was holding by its neck. He twirled his left moustache. He said calmly, "So there is no safety even in the potato bin?"

Mamma Amboli said nervously, "It was for our son, Papa. . . ."

Papa Amboli nodded. "Of course." Then over his cheeks came a sudden alarming plumpness that both his wife and son recognized and from which they recoiled. He said: "My pizza is insulted, my best wine is wasted, I miss my sleep, and a customer leaves without paying. And what is the cause? This!" Whereupon Papa Amboli seized Giovanni's clarinet and lifted it high.

Mamma Amboli shrieked. Giovanni ducked. But Papa Amboli's target was the top of the nearest table. There was a crash, a dainty tinkle, then silence.

"Now," said Papa Amboli, "I think we lock up for the night."

Mamma Amboli was weepingly checking the cash register, Papa Amboli was harshly thrusting a bowl of pizza dough into the refrigerator, although everyone knows it becomes tasteless and tough as a board when kept overnight; and Giovanni was yearning to test his bruised clarinet but fearful of his father's explosion should one tiny note reach his ear, when suddenly there came a knocking upon the door.

"Whoever it is," barked Papa Amboli, "tell them we are closed."

"It is Theresa," Giovanni said, peering through the glass.

Mamma Amboli began to swell. "That creature! Giovanni, you heard your papa."

But Giovanni had already opened the door. Theresa entered, smiling like an angel, and at the sight Mamma Amboli ached to throw something, only her hands were full of small coins, and Mamma Amboli could never lose her temper enough to be as incautious as that. Behind Theresa was a plump, authoritative little man with eager eyes.

"We serve no food at this hour," yelled Mamma Amboli. "Go home and cook with your friend."

Theresa's smile fled. "But I have brought Signor Stravini—"

"Hah!" from Mamma Amboli. "Signor Stravini has been here and left without paying."

The plump man frowned. "But I am Signor Stravini. Who was that impostor?"

"He has a nose like chopped beets mixed with potatoes," said Mamma Amboli, "and a physique like uncooked spaghetti."

The plump man's smile was suddenly broad. "That describes my younger brother, Alfredo. I am Rodolfo."

On her high stool, Mamma Amboli shrugged unforgivingly. "He is still a Stravini and a Corsican," she said, "and he insulted my Giovanni's playing on the clarinet. He said it gave

him toothache. We are closed for the night."

"But, Mamma Amboli—" began Theresa.

"I am not your mamma, and tomorrow I start masses that I never will be."

Immediately Theresa began to weep. Giovanni instantly put an arm around her and glared at his mamma, who glared back. Signor Stravini looked and sighed, spread his hands, and said, "It is so simple, *signora*. Alfredo bears no love for clarinetists at the moment. Tonight I told him that so soon as I find a replacement for him in our orchestra, he returns to help Uncle Andrea in the wholesale groceries. I am the one who has come to listen to your son and to eat your superb pizza."

Then, of course, there followed apologies and explanations, and finally Papa Amboli moodily pulled the pizza dough from the refrigerator after a persuasive kiss from Theresa.

Signor Rodolfo Stravini was seated at the table of honour and behind him was placed the bottle of Burgundy, a bit muddled now from its handling. He sipped, smiled, relaxed. "Ah, wonderful!" he said. He leaned back. And to Giovanni, he said: "So you are the young man our Theresa has spoken so much about. Let me hear if you are as favoured with a clarinet as you are with a pretty girl."

Giovanni's eyes turned to Theresa's. She nodded excitedly, and he picked up his clarinet.

Have you ever heard a clarinet with an eighth of an inch crack in its shiny surface? It wheezes. It whines. As Giovanni blew, the sound was as the wail of a drowning man in stormy seas.

"Yi-yi," ejaculated Mamma Amboli, while Theresa wrung her hands, and at the table of honour Signor Rodolfo Stravini shivered and grated his teeth until it was a miracle they did not shred like onions. In the kitchen, Papa Amboli, slicing a shallot, cut his thumb and swore.

Giovanni stared at the glittering, mutilated instrument and in his eyes was first incredulity, then agony. "I am a lost man," said poor Giovanni into the room's silence. "It is hopeless. Fortune has kicked me, perhaps because she is a lover of music. Papa is right, and hereafter I will sell used cars."

Mamma Amboli snatched the clarinet. "This devil's device!" she cried. "It is your papa's doing. With this machine that he has so desecrated I will pound the concrete of his skull until his brains curdle."

"That is a matter between you and Papa," said Giovanni listlessly.

Theresa gave a shriek and hurried into the kitchen on Mamma Amboli's heels. From behind the swinging door

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 41



IF J. Higgins's butcher's shop was in London, he could be asked to remove the meat hanging up outside. If he refused, says a barrister-at-law, the local council could issue a summons under an Act of 1817. The butcher could be fined £2 and the meat given to the poor. A later Act lays down the law for the provinces. Here, anyone objecting to meat hanging outside a building can bring a prosecution. The maximum penalty is a £2 fine or fourteen days.

"No colds or bronchitis for two years or more"

Mr. J.G.B. of Bognor Regis, Sussex says:—

"I have taken Lantigen 'B' with remarkable results. No colds or bronchitis for two years or more, which is surprising as I usually had two periods of illness every year."

Mr. J.G.B. is one of hundreds of grateful people who have written spontaneously to say that they have found relief from the miseries of catarrh and bronchitis by taking the Lantigen 'B' Oral Vaccine treatment.

Lantigen 'B' is prepared by skilled bacteriologists under medical direction. Although a vaccine, it is NOT injected but taken in water like ordinary medicine. Acting on the vital tissue cells, it encourages the natural protective forces of the body to counteract the invading microbes responsible for bronchitis and catarrh, and neutralises the germ poisons they produce.

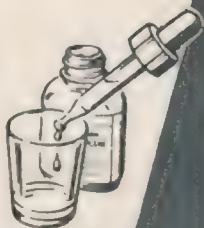
The Lantigen 'B' treatment costs only a few pence a day and it can be purchased at 25/9 a bottle. Free leaflet from chemists or address below.

Lantigen 'B'

ORAL VACCINE TREATMENT FOR

CATARRH and BRONCHITIS

EQUALLY SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN



Prepared in the Laboratories of Lantigen (England) Ltd., Bagshot, Surrey



came tempestuous voices. Signor Stravini took three swallows of water, then rose.

"I think I had better go," he said. "I understand," murmured Giovanni unhappily. "Good night, *signore*."

But through the swinging door was coming Papa Amboli, red of face and breathing noisily, but nevertheless advancing with the stately stride of a Roman tribune preceded by the fasces of office.

On the tin tray he carried rested a pizza. From it wafted a titillating scent, of pungent herbs and spiced meats, a soupçon of garlic, a touch of thyme, a hint of. . .

But remember, these ingredients are Papa Amboli's secret. That scent sufficed to drop Signor Stravini back into his chair, and even in Giovanni's numbed eyes the glaze disappeared and, in that moment of bitterness, he understood his father's pride of creation.

"My friend!" cried Signor Stravini. With no other words he broke the crust. The steam floated upwards and he inhaled and tasted and was lost to the world.

And then from the kitchen burst Mamma Amboli, and behind her was Theresa. "Do not despair, my son," cried Mamma Amboli. "Here, play." And into Giovanni's bewildered hand she thrust the clarinet.

Almost he dropped it. "Wh-what have you done, Mamma?" he asked.

"Play, Giovanni!" commanded Mamma Amboli.

Hypnotized, Giovanni raised the clarinet. He blew.

And so the first notes of the Enchanted Clarinet rang out, purely and sweetly, at midnight in Amboli's Café in Soho.

Signor Stravini's laden fork fell to the table. His mouth halted its munching. Over his face came a dreaminess and happiness. And his free hand beat gentle time.

"But your pizza," protested Papa

Amboli, after a moment. "It is becoming cold."

"Pizza?" said Signor Stravini. Blankly he gazed at the congealing dish. "Pouf on your pizza!" he said. "I am absorbing food for the soul."

"I understand," said Papa Amboli humbly.

And he went and stood in a corner and pulled at his moustachios.

Then Giovanni had finished and there was the applause and the bravos and Mamma Amboli's rapture and Theresa's sweet kiss and Signor Stravini bowing low over his hand. Another melody, with midnight passing, and still another, until across the street someone telephoned and the police came.

So that night saw the start of success for Giovanni Amboli and his enchanted clarinet, the concerts, the recordings, the television programmes, and the picture he went to Hollywood to make. As for poor Papa Amboli. . .

But listen! You may believe that the credit for Giovanni's success must go to Mamma Amboli and to Theresa—Theresa, who thought of the pizza dough as a filler for the eighth of an inch crack in Giovanni's clarinet; and Mamma Amboli, whose impulse it was to thrust the clarinet for some five minutes into the hot oven so that the dough might harden and not drip out.

Without that crispy, perfect, porous dough, Giovanni's clarinet would be only a damaged pawnshop item. Only the Amboli recipe will work the magic, as sorrowing imitators have learned. And so to Papa Amboli goes the credit.

His reward? Some day you should visit the new Amboli's Restaurant in Soho, with the glittering chandeliers, the black-clad waiters. . .

But be warned in advance about the prices. And do not expect to see Mamma Amboli. She will be out in Richmond Park, walking in the sun with Papa Amboli and the two bambinos.

THE END

FAST, SAFE RELIEF FROM ACID INDIGESTION IN JUST A MATTER OF MINUTES

Just chew a couple of
* 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets—
by correcting acidity they
bring really fast and
completely safe relief from
heartburn, flatulence and all
other forms of acid
indigestion. You'll find they
taste just as nice as pepper-
mints—and are so convenient
to have with you at all times.

10½d.—12 Tablets 1/7—30
3/2 —75 „ 5/3—150



'MILK of MAGNESIA' TABLETS

REGD.

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



THESE ARE THE 'CHLORO-YEAST' BENEFITS

- Pick-me-up "LIFT" —new zest and energy—when you want it:
- Attack upon the inner source of unpleasant body and breath odours:
- Relief from many aches, pains and muscular stiffness:
- A special help against many complexion troubles, clogged system: tense, jittery "nerve states," colds, etc. with

Chloro-Yeast
YOU'LL FEEL MUCH FRESHER

EXTRA ZEST + FRESHNESS

Parallel with the repute of Chlorophyll as a deodorant is that of vitamin-famed Yeast as a basic Energiser. In CHLORO-YEAST, these Health-helpers are compounded with other medicinals of proven efficiency for added "lift"; for gentle pain relief; and a "regulator" to assist clogged systems. If, for you, life seems just one woe after another, give this efficient and modern medicine a trial.

This really helpful recuperator is formulated to aid blood, intestinal, nervous and (often) skin condition. Men and women who require benefit should certainly not fail to try it. Chemists sell CHLORO-YEAST, with full directions, at 2/3, 3/9 and 9/6.



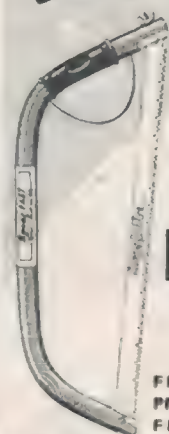
Don't let coughing give you disturbed nights

COUGHS and colds are troublesome enough during the day, but when sleep becomes impossible through bad bouts of coughing, your resistance is lowered and you become a ready prey for all sorts of winter ills.

The earlier you act, the quicker the trouble will go. And the effective remedy is a spoonful of Galloway's Cough Syrup in a little hot water at bedtime to be sure of a good night's sleep. Galloway's works wonders even if your cough has got a real hold. It clears away that choking phlegm, soothes the inflamed membranes, stops the tickling irritation and clears up the trouble in no time. It is ideal for the young—and they love it!

1/3½, 2/1½, 3/9 Bottles.
GALLOWAY'S
COUGH SYRUP

for all rough
cutting



you'll find
**2 STROKES DO
THE WORK OF 3**
with a

Spear FAST

TUBULAR
FRAME SAW

FENCING · LOGGING
PRUNING · HEDGING
FIREWOOD, ETC.

Spear & Jackson Ltd., Aetna Works, Sheffield

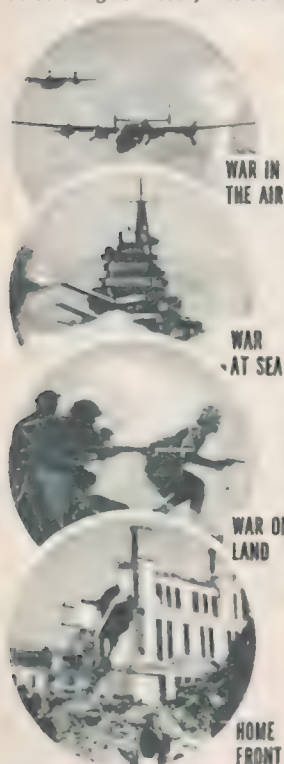
DRAMA! THRILLS! REALISM!
THE GREATEST STORY OF OUR TIME—
The WAR
IN PICTURES

**SUPERB
6-Volume
LIBRARY**

**FOR 'JOHN BULL' READERS ON
7 DAYS' FREE
APPROVAL!**

**AMAZING PICTORIAL RECORD
OF THE SIX MOST MOMENTOUS
YEARS IN HISTORY—NOW
REPRINTED TO MEET HUGE DEMAND!**

YOU, as a reader of "John Bull," can own with pride, at truly astounding low cost, this remarkable pictorial record of the epic



events of the years, 1939 to 1945—a vital part of the life-story of old and young alike! More complete, beautifully produced and authentic than any history of World War II selling at within three or four times its price—a lifetime possession brought within reach of all! Available on 7 days' FREE APPROVAL—if you ACT AT ONCE. The six superb volumes contain over 1,500 large pages and nearly 2,000 dramatic "on-the-spot" photographs (many taken in the thick of battle and at the risk of life), exciting drawings and "at-a-glance" maps. Nearly 200,000 words of explanatory text. Each great volume deals with one memorable year—history YOU helped to make! This magnificent work enables ALL to understand the full significance of every event, from eve-of-war to VJ-Day. An imperishable record of the whole awe-inspiring spectacle of the Second World War on all fronts—its earth-shaking battles, naval and aerial combats—bombing raids—desert and jungle warfare, etc. Each volume, size 10 in. by 7 in., is uniformly and handsomely bound. Yours, if retained after free examination, for a down payment of 18/6 and 6 easy-to-pay monthly instalments of 10/-. Cash Price £3. 14s. 6d.

Seize this Amazing Offer NOW!

To accept this unique FREE APPROVAL OFFER, fill in form and post in 1-d. stamped, unsealed envelope to Odhams Press Ltd., Dept. J.9, 5 Dryden Street, London, W.C.2. Books come with invoice—if satisfied, return invoice with remittance—or return books in good condition in eight days. Offer applies U.K. only, closes January 28.

NO RISK! NO OBLIGATION!

FREE INSPECTION FORM

To: ODHAMS PRESS LTD., DEPT. J.9, 5 DRYDEN STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.
 Please send me FREE on 7 DAYS' APPROVAL the War in Pictures Library complete in 6 volumes. I understand I may return the books in good condition, postage paid, within 8 days without further obligation. If I keep them I will send you Full Cash (£3.14s.6d.) or a first payment of 18/6 eight days after delivery, followed by 6 monthly payments of 10/- each, making £3.14s.6d.

Strike out which does not apply
 FULL CASH/INSTALMENTS : HOUSEHOLDER/NON-HOUSEHOLDER
 21 AND OVER/UNDER 21

Signature of Parent or Guardian required if applicant is under 21 years.

BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

Full Postal ADDRESS

Firmly affix 1-d. stamp in margin.

J.9. 14.1.56

**POST
FORM
TODAY!
SEND NO
MONEY NOW**

Vision In The Sands

Continued from page 23

desert—but we shall make it one of the greenest parts of the world."

Engineers, village planners, agriculturists bearing yet more plans, filed into the room for a meeting with the chief. I left with reluctance—for Magdy Hassanein's enthusiasms were infectious. Only outside, past the guardian desert wolves at the door, and back again in the unregenerate Egypt of endemic disease and grinding poverty, was it possible to ask oneself with proper detachment just how much this fantastic Liberation Province plan was ever likely to amount to.

Certainly, in a number of ways, it is very much the sort of medicine this new-old nation needs. It boldly sets about the fundamental problem of too many people, too little land. It shakes off the Old Man of the Sea burden of a hopeless and embittered past, wipes the slate clean and starts again. It makes a rousing appeal to the nation's imagination and challenges its spirit. Were it to succeed it would remove for all time that inferiority complex which afflicts many Egyptians and which could yet cost the Middle East dear.

In such schemes the crucial factors are those of costs and timing—and on these points it is not easy to get firm figures. The régime has made Liberation Province its showpiece and is pouring money into it. Foreign experts who go there tend to return slightly bemused by the unfamiliar mixture of agricultural economics and Utopian philosophy. The Province's own experts claim that they use methods—in the building of houses for instance—which result in very low costs. Magdy Hassanein told me that he has his own statistical bureau and that all costs are finely calculated.

"In Holland," he said, "the cost of reclaiming land is £4,000 an acre; in England it is at least £800. But in Liberation Province we manage it for from £200 to £300 an acre, with land, roads, canals, pumps, housing, schools, hospitals, everything included."

Even at £300, the total cost of the whole project tots up to the not inconsiderable figure of £360 million. In addition, the Province's continued development hinges on extra water being made available by the construction of the High Dam, at Kalabsha, a few miles above Aswan in Upper Egypt. This itself is a £300 million project.

For more than a century, ever since Mohammed Ali—the great founder of the dynasty of which Farouk was the lamentable end—began in 1835 to build his first barrage at the apex of the Delta, the development of Egypt has marched in step with the successive projects down the years for gathering and utilizing more fully the Nile's waters. But still, in 1956, from May to October large quantities of desperately needed Nile water will run away uselessly into the Mediterranean for lack of adequate storage reservoirs in Upper Egypt.

By creating a tremendous storage reservoir, the High Dam—"our new Pyramid" as Colonel Nasser calls it (in fact it will contain seventeen times as much stone as the Great Pyramid at Cheops)—will make it possible to add at least one-third—two or three million acres—to the cultivated area of Egypt. The dam's hydro-electric installations will generate an extra 10,000 million kilowatt hours of cheap electricity a year, enough to supply Egypt's needs for a generation.

The High Dam plan has existed for years; but nothing effective was done about it. Now the new régime has staked its reputation on realizing it at last. Approach roads have been completed. In October, a contract was signed with a British firm of consulting engineers. The World Bank has been asked for finance. Russia, too, is offering money and technicians. Egypt—if she can keep free from rash adventures—is going to get her life-saving High Dam. But it will take ten years to build. And, first, she must come to

an agreement with the Sudan on the division of the Nile waters. For the "unity of the Nile valley" is not only a political slogan.

Such radical long-term planning is essential if Egypt is to avert disaster. But to carry it through, Egypt needs a period of peace and stability. Even so, while the New Egypt is being brought into being, the Old Egypt must continue to live. With the population bounding ahead at the rate of 400,000 a year, it is the interim period that is frightening.

After five years' research in Egyptian villages, the Rockefeller Foundation reported that the condition of the people, measured by income, housing, nutrition, sanitation, health and education, was worse than in any other country—including China and India—in which it had conducted surveys. Before the revolution, the average annual income of an agricultural labourer was £12 a year: barely enough to keep alive. Studies have shown that one-quarter or more of the people's efficiency is lost by endemic diseases which weaken. Wisely, indeed, did Magdy Hassanein provide a medical examination for the recruits of Liberation Province!

For years a few individuals have been struggling to get something done to raise the fellah's way of life above these sub-human levels. But their programmes have gone unheeded in the pursuit of political plunder and the glare of the bright lights of Cairo. Now, at last, the new régime is putting some steam behind them.

In 1941, Dr. Ahmed Hussein, then chief of the Fellah Department—now Egypt's ambassador in Washington—worked out the idea of village "collective centres" to lead a multi-pronged attack on poverty, disease and ignorance. The first six centres were experimentally established during the

WOMEN—6

**The hardest-hearted people
for dealing with men are
women.**

Mrs. Jean Mann, M.P.

war years. Now the Nasser régime has taken this idea over. It plans to build eight hundred collective centres in the next five years and to cover the country with them at the rate of one per 15,000 inhabitants.

I visited one of these centres. It was at the village of El Marg which lies among date-palms on a branch of the Ismailia canal and grows fruit and vegetables for the Cairo market. I accompanied one of the women doctors of the Fellah Department, Dr. Sophie Marqos, who was due to make a call there.

The centre—a couple of modern two-storey buildings of whitish brick, set on either side of a green lawn—stood a little apart on five acres of land donated by the village. (Each village is required to make a contribution towards the cost of its centre.) Round the back, in an improvised shed of split bamboo, was a kindergarten where village children were being gently introduced to modern ideas of hygiene. The centre, it soon became clear, was a busy and many-sided institution.

I was taken into a large room they called the "museum." This turned out to be a Chamber of Horrors illustrating by vivid plaster casts, bottled specimens and pictorial diagrams the course—and cure—of some of the diseases which Egyptian human, plant and animal life is heir to. The exhibits were used by the centre's staff in talks to the villagers.

Vividly illustrated, for instance, was the fantastic life-cycle of bilharzia. The fluke or flat-worm that causes bilharzia afflicts three-quarters of the people in the villages of Egypt. The larvae of the bilharzia fluke are parasitic upon certain species of water snail. Emerging from their snail host, they bore into the skins of villagers



"Guess what you've got!"

bathing or working in canals and rivers. They bore away through the tissues and move through the body till they reach the portal veins. Here they stay till adult, when they mate. The male coils around the female, and thus, together, they migrate once more through the body till they reach the walls of the bladder. Here the female lays her eggs which are duly evacuated in the urine. Then if—as in Egypt is probable—the place is a river or canal, the cycle begins all over again.

For the Egyptian villager, these ingenious little parasites are as accepted a part of life as the weather. But they are, of course, extremely debilitating. They are scarcely equipment for the builders of the New Egypt. And the damage caused to the tissues may give rise to many more serious troubles.

Break the life-cycle of the worm—establish, say, latrines in every village—and this ancient scourge could speedily be brought under control. Just a few small changes of habits—it seems simple enough. But in a country labouring under such a legacy of neglect as Egypt, few things are simple. So many links in the chain are missing. Hence, for instance, the régime's £5½ million to give every village drinkable water supplies. (Instead of the nearest puddle.) Hence, too, these collective centres.

This particular morning was the children's clinic morning. The corridors on the medical side were full of patient black-robed women, squatting on the floor with their babies, waiting their turn. I noticed—one could not fail to notice—that many of both the women and children had inflamed and gummed-up eyes.

Yes, said the centre's doctor, fifty per cent of the people suffered from trachoma; seventy per cent from ophthalmia. And this was the bad season for eyes—for now, with the heat, the flies came out. For, once again, these were diseases of dirt and neglect. In their earlier stages, they are easily treated—and more easily prevented. But, merely accepted, as they generally are, they lead to scarring of the eyes and blindness—only too evident all over Egypt.

As at the other centres, the team at AEI Marg included—in addition to part-time workers—a resident doctor, a nurse, a laboratory assistant, and a social adviser—a graduate in agriculture who is sent on a special six months social course to equip him for his difficult job. In the newer centres, the local primary school is made an integral part of the centre.

There was a small laboratory for the necessary standard medical checks and a number of hospital beds: women are persuaded if possible to come into the centre to have their children. The nurse, an attractive young woman trained in a Cairo hospital, made it her business to win the confidence of the old village midwives, gently insinuating a few modern ideas where she could.

We walked across the lawn to the

non-medical side of the centre. Several youths were playing table-tennis in the village meeting hall, which had a stage and also served on occasion as a cinema and theatre.

Upstairs in the industrial hall a couple of young boys—orphans selected by a village committee—were working at a loom, learning, under an instructor, how to make carpets; a dozen small girls sat before an upright frame, weaving a tapestry. The development of small-scale industries can play an important part in raising the standards of the villages.

The social adviser had his office downstairs. He explained some of his plans for increasing the village's income—he had a number of demonstration plots around the centre. Obviously a great deal would depend on this young man's enthusiasm, knowledge, and tact. As the director of the Fellah Department said to me later: "You may have the finest buildings and have no effect whatever if you haven't the right workers in them. You may have hardly any buildings at all and work miracles—if you have workers of the right stuff there."

MODERN houses are being provided for the resident staff in the new centres. But can Egypt produce enough young men and women ready to leave the comforts of the big towns to live in some remote mud-walled village in order to serve their people? Or will the easier patriotism of flag-waving and calls for war on Israel prove more powerful?

It may well prove the New Egypt's sternest and truest test.

But these days even a few small demonstrations in a village can go a long way. The thing snowballs. Dr. Sophie Marqos told me: "For years we talked and lectured about the evils of the veil, how unhygienic it was and so on. It had no effect. But now, now the women come into Cairo on buses; they see the shop-windows, they see the people in the streets . . . and the veil is going."

To the newcomer from the West, progress may seem imperceptible; but it is going on beneath the surface; its tempo increases. Dr. Marqos herself was an example. When she qualified, she told me, there were only three women doctors in Egypt; they were not allowed to study or practise in hospitals but were confined to their own special medical purdah and to the treatment of children. But now, in 1955, here was this woman doctor in an important supervisory post in a government department; here she was wandering around the villages, and the village elders were glad to see her; now in Egypt there are two hundred women doctors, and prejudice, if not wholly vanquished, is breaking down.

Even the ever-present bogey of Egypt's bounding population, threatening to devour all improvements as fast as they are made, is not, in the long run, irremovable. Once, said Dr. Marqos, only the wealthy classes came

Why not You?

Many thousands are now enjoying the outstanding benefits of the ROYAL LONDON Guaranteed Cash Bonus Policy which provides—

- Life Assurance
- Protection for Dependants
- Saving for old age
- Normal bonus additions

PLUS

- Additional Bonuses in CASH DURING the period of the policy.

All for a small weekly saving

If you are not one of the many, you should at least enquire for details of this unique policy.

Royal London

Mutual Insurance Society Ltd.
ROYAL LONDON HOUSE,
FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2.

FOUNDED 1861

ASSETS EXCEED
£117,000,000

Please let me have full details of your Cash Bonus Policies.

NAME.....AGE.....
ADDRESS.....

1d. stamp if
posted in unsealed
envelope.

J.13

RUB IN ELLIMAN'S RUB OUT PAIN!

Whether, as the saying goes, your "bones just ache," after a hard day's washing or cleaning, or whether you are a victim of Rheumatic Aches and Pains, ELLIMAN'S—relaxing, relieving, comforting ELLIMAN'S—is your friend in need. Rub it into the painful part, feel its tingling warmth penetrate deep down to bring you grateful ease. For yourself or your family, when

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, FIBROSITIS, CRAMP, STIFF, SORE MUSCLES

make life miserable, rub in ELLIMAN'S—rub out PAIN!

TRY ELLIMAN'S IN YOUR BATH!

*When feeling stiff, tired, "aching all over" when you come home shivery or "chilled to the bone," try a table-spoonful of ELLIMAN'S in a warm bath! It brings back a comforting glow! It soothes away tiredness, refreshes, revives!



ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION
2/2, 3/-, & 6/- (Family Size)

BECOME A DRAUGHTSMAN

—QUALIFY AT HOME



There is a great demand for Engineering and Building Draughtsmen. So acute is the present shortage that employers are only too anxious to engage those with no previous practical experience who are able to prepare neat and accurate drawings.

LEARN AT HOME—IN SPARE TIME
After brief, intensely interesting study—undertaken at home in your spare time—YOU can secure an attractive, and interesting post as a Draughtsman. Numerous vacancies are also available in Elec., Aero., Mechanical, Jig & Tool, etc., branches of Draughtsmanship.

FREE GUIDE

The Free Guide contains 132 pages of information of the greatest importance to those seeking such success-compelling qualifications as A.M.I.Mech.E., A.F.R.Ae.S., A.M.I.P.E., A.M.Brit.I.R.E., Gen. Cert. of Educ., and B.Sc., etc., also R.A.F. Entry (Maths., etc.) together with particulars of our remarkable Guarantee of:

SUCCESS—OR NO FEE

Write now for your copy of this remarkable publication. It may well prove to be the turning point in your career.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING

(Dept. 50), 148-150 HOLBORN, E.C.1
(South Africa: E.C.S.A., P.O. Box 8417,
Johannesburg).

POST COUPON NOW

To NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING (Dept. 50), 148-150 Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Please forward details of your guaranteed tutorial service to:

NAME

Exam. or Career in which interested.....

(1d. stamp only required if unsealed)

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT

Who would suggest that a woman's life hasn't got its own problems, particularly those of her health?

That is why thousands of women are turning to Juno-Junipah. Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains not only valuable mineral salts but also pure oil of Juniper. And it is gentle. It clears away, without any drastic purging, impurities which help to make complexions muddy and to bring on Sick Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Aches in the Back, and Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve and you'll look and feel years younger.

Get some from any chemist today.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

Beware of NERVOUS INDIGESTION

When your stomach is out of order, be quite sure of the cause before you start taking remedies. Work and worry often cause a lot of nervous indigestion, and the only way to end this is to rebuild and restore your nerves.

Unless your diet contains enough Vitamin B your digestion will suffer; you will become head-achy, irritable, sleep badly, and show all the signs of a nervous collapse.

Make sure you get enough Vitamin B. Take Phillips Tonic Yeast tablets with your meals. Yeast is the richest natural source of all the B vitamins and Phillips Tonic Yeast is pure yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast to-day. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is the finest yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients. At all chemists, 1/6, 3/6 and 5/9.

for birth-control advice; now the middle-classes were coming too; sooner or later their example would have its effect and the idea of family-planning would percolate down to the masses.

Given stability and the resources of modern science, problems as desperate even as Egypt's can be overcome—in time. But politically the essence of the matter lies in the last two words—in time.

When I was in Cairo, cafés were still offering *Glace Horreya*—Independence Ice-cream—made up in the black-white-and-red tricolour of the revolution. But already the gesture had begun to seem a little hollow. The splendour of the New Dawn was fading. Salvation had been promised: now delivery was awaited. Revolution faced its inevitable aftermath.

In fact, there never was any great wave of fervour. For the Nasser revolution was not a popular revolution. It was the work of one battalion and a few determined officers. Colonel Nasser himself has explained how, before the great day, he had imagined that the nation would rise at their signal "to pour down in a solid phalanx marching to great goals."

He was, he admits, deeply disappointed. Few people seemed greatly interested. All this, they felt, did not concern them. They prepared to accept the new régime just as they had accepted all the others that had been thrust upon them down the years.

This, of course, has its advantages; but it has equally obvious dangers. In an attempt to mobilize a solid nationwide body of support behind it, the régime, after the dissolution of the old political parties, set up the Liberation Rally. A certain number of professional cheer-leaders who had been riding the wrong band-wagons gratefully seized the opportunity to switch over. But on the whole the Rally seems to have been another disappointment. It lacked conviction. You cannot make a coup d'état into a popular revolution overnight by designing a tricolour.

MEANWHILE, the old professional politicians and their henchmen bide their time. The Wafd—the old national party which so long traded on the nationalist reputation it gained in the twenties—had a far-flung and effective organization. On paper, it is dissolved; but there must be many of its former agents all over the country who sorely miss the spoils it brought them in the way of money, prestige and jobs.

Any revolutionary régime inevitably makes many enemies.

There are the Westernized Egyptian upper classes and their imitators who both resent and despise these young officers, mostly of humble origin and possessing little *savoir-faire*, who now rule them; Cairo's café society is not what it was. There are the landlords whose estates were compulsorily purchased. The journalists who no longer—on the domestic front at least—can give rein so fully to their talents for faction and scandal. The civil servants whose sleep has been disturbed and who may find themselves arraigned before some anti-corruption tribunal.

There are the rival revolutionaries who missed the boat—the Moslem Brothers and the Communists. Before the revolution, the Moslem Brotherhood had a nation-wide following of more than a million variegated and often vague idealists, harnessed to a radical programme for a "purified" Moslem theocratic state. The old régime indeed collapsed in a crescendo of rioting and bomb-outrages worked up in Cairo by the Brotherhood's underground terrorist bands. The Brotherhood is dissolved; yet, given the circumstances, Moslem reaction might yet enjoy a last fling.

The Communists, too, are proscribed, and weakened by persistent deviationism—there were no fewer than five separate parties. But, with the appearance of Russia on the Middle Eastern stage in the rôle of disinterested champion of the Arab nations against the Western Zionist-Imperialists, the Egyptian Communists are no doubt looking forward to a new lease of life.

But the popular following of these



movements arose largely through default—and their small hard cores are being well taken care of. Colonel Zakaria Mohi ed Din, the Free Officers' security man from the outset, very slickly rounded up the leaders of both Communists and Moslem Brothers. There is, after all, nothing like setting a plotter to catch a plotter—and Colonel Nasser and his men are past-masters at the art.

For all the comparative slenderness of its popular backing, the revolution itself can no longer be considered precarious. The rococo façade of sham constitutionalism which concealed so much rottenness has been cleared away—and the light let in. The intricate interplay of King, Wafd and British Embassy which absorbed so many energies is gone for good. Land reform, pushing well ahead, has struck a crippling blow at pashadom. The spirit of the times—and modern communications—work for the revolution. The clock cannot be put back.

The régime rests solidly enough on the support of the army, air force and police whose position it has notably improved. And this is no bad base—not only in terms of power, but also socially—for the Egyptian officer corps is lower middle class and not many steps removed from the fellahen and the soil. From the days of Mohammed Ali, the army has been a focal point of the national movement.

There remains the danger that threatens all juntas—the danger of internal dissension, ideological or personal or both. There have been several major and minor purges. But they have been pretty smoothly carried out. Neguib—who seems to have dropped right out of the national

consciousness with remarkable swiftness—is still living, under guard, on some estate in Upper Egypt, "enjoying," as Colonel Nasser puts it, his "freedom from responsibilities."

Nasser did not have Neguib's easy popular touch. Nor is he old enough for the part of Father of the People. But, over the months, the steady build-up by press, radio and screen has taken effect. At the Bandung Afro-Asian Conference, Nasser's *tête-à-tête* with Nehru seemed to give both him and Egypt a new dimension—and he was rapturously received on his return.

In the Council of the Revolution, his personal ascendancy has long been well-established. He can be tough and decisive when need be; yet so far he has proceeded by discussion and argument rather than by Ataturk-style domineering. Indeed, these "democratic" predilections—carried too far too early—might even prove his undoing.

WHEN the Republic was proclaimed in January, 1953, it was announced that the Council of the Revolution would run the country for a "transitional period" of three years. That period is now up—and as long ago as last summer Colonel Nasser was startling the country with a promise of a parliament in 1956.

Characteristically—for the régime frankly improvises as it goes along—he called for public and press discussion of the form which the new assembly should take.

Any such attempt—even of the most limited sort—to broaden the popular basis of the régime carries with it obvious dangers. But it might have

great advantages, too—if the régime has good progress to show.

But can the régime have good progress to show—in time?

It has made a workmanlike start. It has induced in the country a new order and sense of purpose. In three years it has accomplished a great deal. But it is still only at the beginning of its ambitious plans. Liberation Province is only a "bridgehead." Yet it is there, undeniable—the long lines of vegetables growing in the sands—and it is going forward. And the most impressive thing about it is the spirit of the pioneers who work there. It is perhaps the greatest achievement of the régime that it has been able to generate such a nation-building spirit.

It will be sorely needed on the long hard pull that lies ahead. For in Egypt's situation there can be no quick and spectacular results—except in one field, the heady turbulent field of Middle Eastern politics. Colonel Nasser's assertion of independence in breaking from the leading strings of the West to make his arms deal with Russia enhanced his stature overnight, not only in Egypt, but throughout the Arab world. By taking the lead in the long-drawn conflict between the Arab states and Israel he may hope to maintain that position.

THEREIN lies the régime's greatest danger. For if, in pursuit of its aspirations to Arab leadership, it should bid so high as to precipitate a full-scale war with Israel, not only would its ambitious—and essential—plans be undermined, but the whole internal situation might well get out of hand. Then the wilder men inside the régime and its enemies outside would come into their own. And it would be goodbye to the dawning hopes of Egypt and much of the Arab Middle East.

For the West the question must be: how can such a tragedy be averted? How can the West aid Egypt's new régime in resisting such perilous shortcuts to success?

Certainly not by openly regarding the country as mainly a chequerboard for the moves of Great Power politics. The Arabs are not interested in our cold war. Possibly, by lending every assistance to Egypt to carry out her vast internal plans, and thus reinforcing the tide of constructive development now beginning to flow through the Middle East.

For, if it can resist escapist adventures, the Nasser régime offers Egypt—in her pivotal position—a chance of finding her path such as she has not had for many years. Israel apart, Abdul Gamal Nasser and most of his men are, on the whole, realists. Their only *ism* is Nationalism—and even in that department it is significant that they have been willing to concede more liberal conditions to foreign capital than their pre-revolution predecessors.

Whether they persist in this moderate course, or whether the fanatics take over, may depend greatly on the West's attitude. The arms race with Israel must be restrained. But our attitude need not be wholly negative. In her great development plans, Egypt—and she recognizes it—stands in urgent need of our help. We should give it. But much depends also on the manner of the giving. Any attempt at Great Power dictation can only produce the most dangerous reaction.

In postwar Asia, by her readiness to face up to major changes, Britain achieved a new relationship with her old dependent territories which has since stood her in good stead. In the Middle East—for long our particular parish—we have by contrast tended to continue living in the past. The Russians—and Colonel Nasser—have called that bluff. A new era is opening in the Middle East. If we have help to offer now, we must offer it not in the manner of the Victorian father condescending to the presumptuous child but in the manner of the detached and business-like consultant called in on a most important job.

Much may depend, in the months to come, on our ability to make the adjustment.

THE END

A delightful two-part story by the famous author of "Geordie" and "Digby"

THE BOY FROM GLENTARKIE

by David Walker

BEGINS IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

£1,000 CASH and TV for "Bullets"!

FIRST PRIZE £750 plus £75 TV

144 OTHER CHEQUES

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6,

2 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 25 of £1, 100 of 10s.

£25 JACKPOT FOR THOSE ENTRANTS WHO JUST MISS THE 145 CHEQUES

NEW 10-in-1 BONUSES—see coupon on right

HOW TO WIN—ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

A Cold World
Prosperity's The Goal, So
Hand That Feeds Us
Skipper Gaitskell
In The TV Battle
Opportunity's Knock
Their Happiness
Apple For The Teacher
Showed His Strength
Hypocrites
Knows Nothing
Deed Of Valour
Woman At The Wash-tub
Romantic Rubbish
Whatever They Say
Baffling
Rogues And Vagabonds
In Fancy-dress
Carrying The Can
The Martian Landed And

Incomplete "Examples"
—see instructions
Hates The Sight Of.....
A Moonlight
With Her To.....
On The Plumber's.....
Popped Into The.....
Gave.....A Headache

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated February 18), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 4, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,022 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY:

"Bullets" 2,022, "John Bull," Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

£1,000 CASH and NOVEL SURPRISE NEXT WEEK

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 2,017

FIRST PRIZE, £500: J. Dolley, 155 Poplars Avenue, Warrington:

An Aladdin's Cave—Awaiting "Magic Carpet"—Space.

£25: J. E. Keen, 102 Champlain House, White City Estate, London, W.12: ON THE RACK—DRIVERS, PEDESTRIANS, POLICE—Plans!
£20: G. A. Wilson, 135 Muir Street, Larkhall: HELI LET LOOSE—If Antarctic Holds URANIUM?
OTHER AWARDS: £15: E. J. Brown, 34 Shakespeare Street, Watford, Herts: WE TRADE TO LIVE, SO—SLOW DELIVERY, SLOW POISON! £10: A. Ferrier, 12 Craven Road, Cleithorpes: FOR THE NEW BRITAIN—"WOODEN WALLS," Export Crates! £9: W. Cotton, "Vlamertinghe," Avenue Road, Freshwater, I.O.W.: FOR THE NEW WILDER-

NESS—ISRAEL HEADING—With EGYPT? £8: H. Cohen, 80 Alkham Road, London, N.16: IN THE WHITEHALL CIRCUS—THERE'S NO Business-like Show! £7: F. W. Shay, "Norbreck," Pontefract Road, Ferrybridge, Yorks: SOUL OF COMPASSION—KRUSCHEV—Outside IRON CURTAIN! £6: P. Fitzsimmons, 24 Falkner Street, Liverpool: AN ALADDIN'S CAVE—LIFE—You STORE "TREASURES"! £6: A. D. Smith, 27 Bishop's Avenue, Bromley: WE TRADE TO LIVE, SO—IT'S CRATES—OR Coffins!
For ten winners of £5, see "Bullets" Bulletin. 30 Prizes of £2 10s. and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

The 51st *Bullets* TV was won by Mr. H. Jones, 40 Greenbank Road, Liverpool, seen here with his family. YOU can be TV winner No. 521



EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX	6d.
B.	
EX	6d.
B.	
EX	6d.
B.	
EX	6d.
B.	

10-in-1 BONUS Grand 10-in-1 Bonus of luxuries for the kitchen to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,022 Closing Postmark MON., JAN. 23

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

TO HELP YOU WIN Stick 2½d. stamp on right for the new 4-in-1 "Bullets" Bulletin dated Feb. 4, containing coupons for *Bullets* 2,025, 2,026, 2,027 and 2,028. 832

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "Bulletin"

Winter Chills

Winter Ills?

STOP THEM
BEFORE
THEY START

Take Seven Seas
Capsules everyday.
They are extra
rich with
Vitamins D & A!



Seven Seas COD LIVER OIL CAPSULES

Do it yourself . . . with the aid of expert advice
always to hand!



PRACTICAL HANDYWORK FOR ALL

General Editors:
S. G. BLAXLAND STUBBS,
O.B.E., and J. ST. DENYS REED

Edited by H. H. THOMAS
and GORDON FORSYTH
(Editor of "Popular Gardening")

THE POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING

Send for either or both of these Works NOW!

This Authoritative Work will meet the needs of every handyman and householder. Lavishly illustrated, and written by many of the best craftsmen of the present day, with years of practical experience, who understand your problems. It explains each of the numerous branches of handywork from start to finish by a very large number of practical examples.

**3,000 Photos and Diagrams
76 Folding, Colour and other Plates**

WITH these five volumes on your bookshelf you have at your disposal ALL the information you require to undertake the many odd jobs needed in your Home, and to actually MAKE furniture and fittings.

This Comprehensive, Up-to-date Work contains, in alphabetical order, information on ALL aspects of gardening. It will save its cost many times over by helping to produce fine crops of flowers, fruit and vegetables and avoid the disappointment and expense of failure.

**2,400 Photographs
including 18 Full
Colour Plates**

**320 Drawings, Charts
and Diagrams**

All in A-Z order, including information on—

Propagation, Fertilisation, Grafting; Exhibitions, Rock and Sink Gardens, Room Plants, Bird Tables, Greenhouses, Japanese Gardens, Orchards, Garden Plans; Fungi, Eelworms, Earwigs; Soil; Lawns; Tobacco; Soil Blocks; Flowers for cutting, etc.

FREE OFFER

*Let us send you these Works on 7 days' approval. No charge. No obligation.
A glance through will convince you of their value in your Home*

FREE EXAMINATION FORM
To THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.34),
96 & 97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4

Please send me, carriage paid, for seven days FREE examination, "PRACTICAL HANDYWORK FOR ALL," complete in five volumes. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days with no further obligation. If I keep it I will send you a first payment of 10/6 eight days after delivery, and twelve monthly payments of 10/6, thus completing the purchase price of £6 16s. 6d.
CASH PRICE WITHIN 8 DAYS, £6 10s. 0d.

NAME

ADDRESS

Occupation State if Householder

Signature Date
(Or parent's if under 21.) Please fill in all the particulars asked. J.B.34

FREE EXAMINATION FORM
To THE WAVERLEY BOOK CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.33),
96 & 97, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4

Please send me carriage paid, for seven days FREE examination, "THE POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA OF GARDENING" complete in three volumes. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days with no further obligation. If I keep it I will send you a first payment of 7s. 6d. eight days after delivery, and 14 monthly payments of 7s. 6d., thus completing the purchase price of £5 12s. 6d.
CASH PRICE WITHIN 8 DAYS £5 7s. 0d.

NAME

ADDRESS

Occupation State if Householder

Signature Date
(Or parent's if under 21.) Please fill in all the particulars asked. J.B.33